THE REV. JOHN BROOKS.

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT REVIVAL IN TENNESSEE;

WITH MANY INCIDENTS OF THRILLING INTEREST.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

TWO SERMONS BY THE AUTHOR, AND A DISCOURSE

BY THE LATE REV. LEARNER BLACKMAN.

"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM."

NASHVILLE:

PUBLISHED AT THE NASHVILLE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE OFFICE.

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NOTICE.

The author of the following work, as will be seen by perusing its pages, was actively engaged in the great revival of religion that swept over Middle Tennessee, some twenty-five years ago.—Mr. Brooks in performing the laborious work of the itinerant ministry in those times of arduous toil, in a measure, sacrificed his health and was compelled to retire from the active service; he still labored, however, as a local minister, as his health would justify. The aid extended to Methodist ministers in those days being very limited, Mr. Brooks received nothing as a superannuated man, but was entirely dependent upon his own exertions for subsisting himself and a growing family. His private means, however, were ample for a comfortable living, had his health been sufficient to have enabled him to prosecute his business with energy; but his feeble condition was an insurmountable impediment. And moreover possessing a kind heart, he was induced to credit and endorse for others until the last vestige of his earthly means was swept away. Under these circumstances, and that he might have a small revenue—something to support and educate a family of intelligent and interesting children, his friends induced him to publish the following work, believing at the same time, it would be read with interest by many of his personal friends and the public generally. We therefore, commend Mr. Brooks and his work to a generous public, hoping that they will be edified in perusing its pages.

PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTION.

For many years I have been urged to write a small volume of sermons; for a long time I could not bear the thought, for several considerations. I thought it would be presumption in me to attempt so important a matter; first, because I had no learning, could neither speak nor write my mother tongue correctly; second, I had a very poor opinion of my own abilities. But the oft entreaties and pressing solicitations of those in whom I had the fullest confidence, have caused me at last to yield to their judgment and piety. I have, with fear and trembling, commenced the work, with the express understanding that the senior editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate would correct my orthography—not my mode of expression. What ever it lacks in grammatical construction, it is to come before the public in my own language. I thought for many years that I would write a few sermons for the private use of my children, and give each one a little volume containing the whole, that I might thus converse with them when I am dead and gone. In a conversation with J. B. McFerrin, two years ago, at Hall's campground, in Rutherford county, while he was pressing me hard for a public work of the above kind, I ventured to suggest to him my private desire in relation to my children; his reply to me was, that if I did that, they would get it and publish it to the world. This led me to thinking that if it had to come before the public, for reasons which I

shall not name here, it had better do it before I go home and be no more. Indeed if this tact had not been taken by my brethren, I expect it never would have been written, either for private or public; for I was too poor to meet the expense in any sense. But having received sufficient pledges from my friends, that they would furnish the means to pass it through the press, at their own expense, and wait for the sale of the same to repay them, I have consented. The proceeds of the work, after paying for its publication, are to go to my family, myself and wife while we live, after we are dead, the children may dispose of it as they think best; but not till each one is of age to act for itself.

Having passed through one of the most important Revivals of Religion that has ever taken place in Middle Tennessee, and having been personally engaged in it from first to last, I have concluded to give a small history of that tremendous work of God, and some of the extraordinary scenes that took place during that Revival. I shall add a small history of Methodism and the Methodist Church, before and during that Revival, and how she was treated by other denominations. As there are a few living, as yet, that saw Methodism in her infancy; yea, her first friends, who fed and lodged her first preachers, I intend to get a small history from them and add it to this work. I have been requested to add a history of my life as well as times. May God's blessing go with it till time shall end or it falls out of print.

JOHN BROOKS.

March 3, 1848.

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

REV. JOHN BROOKS.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage—Birth—Skirmishing with Indians—Death of my Mother—the first Methodist Preacher—Early Impressions—Removal to Tennessee—Early Habits—Indian Campaign—Providential Escape—Conviction—Conversion, &c.

To begin with my own history. My father's name was Benjamin, my mother's name was Keziah Martin, before she was married to my father. My parents were born and raised in the State of Virginia. My father was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was at the siege of Little York. He was raised without education. Immediately after the war he married. In a few years he came, in company with a half brother, William Peyton, to the State of Georgia, in search of a new home, having left their families behind them. Here they stayed and made a crop in the wilderness, on the Okono river, in what is now Jackson county. They then returned to Virginia to remove their families to their new home. After a long and fatiguing journey, in safety they reached the neighborhood of their little farm, but the hostile Indians had destroyed their little crops, and of course they were now dependent on the

wild wilderness for support; for there were few or no settlements near them. They removed down in what was afterwards called Oglethorpe county, and settled on the South prong of Broad river, near the Wagon ford of said river. Here, in 1792, on the 19th day of March, I was born; 1793 my mother died and left me and three little sisters. I was the youngest of the four. We were now in a forlorn condition. In addition to all this, the war with the Indians still raged in blood and carnage. The two brothers stood their ground with many others, who had, and still were moving in to the country, like veteran troops. The enemy never killed a man, woman or child, but they settled for it on the banks of the Okono or Chatahoochee. I have frequently heard my father narrate those bloody scenes of ripping open women and children in the most cruel manner, and some times carrying off the fair ones as prisoners of war, and then the pursuit, till they would overhaul them in camp, with the prisoners sitting at some short distance in deep distressing thought, as if conscious all was gone, and they were ruined. In an unexpected moment the crack of a father's or husband's rifle announced to them that the desired friends were at hand, and then the rush to get between them and the Indians; and how they would jump and break for the sound of the rifles. But God caused these bloody scenes to pass away.

My father never re-married, and I, of course, was raised without a mother.

I never shall forget the first Methodist preacher I ever saw; which was the Rev. Levi Garrison. My father lived in Franklin county. Mr. G. had preached in the neighborhood every four weeks for some months, but I was a wild boy and did not go to his appointments, as they came in the week, and not on Sunday; but my sisters had at-

tended his ministry, and all three had professed religion, and many others in the neighborhood. His preaching caused much conversation as well as persecution. The doctrine of Free Salvation had never been preached among us; we had been accustomed to the Baptist and Presbyterian ministry, who then taught otherwise. However, his preaching had great effect upon those that were in no church; they too, were at least ten to one. During that year he was called on to preach my grand-father's funeral on Sunday. When I went to the house where the funeral was to be, my first desire was to see the new preacher, about whom I heard so much said, for and against. I asked if he had come, I was told he had. I asked where he was, and was told he had walked out, pointing the way he had gone. I immediately set out in that direction in pursuit of him, along a small path, for I was determined to have a good and candid look at him. Presently I met him. I had been accustomed to brave dangers of many kinds unflinching, and had been raised in the horrors of the wilds of the wilderness, but never felt myself so completely unmaned. I had been accustomed to see preachers, but this one looked so different from any other that I had ever seen; his long blue cloak, his pale countenance, his chaste and sanctified look; he seemed to be an inhabitant of Eternity, though a man on earth. Never, never shall I forget his looks. I felt my strength give way as he passed me, and I had liked to have fallen to the ground. He seemed to be in deep thought about the welfare of poor man; he seemed to say to me as he passed me, for he gave me a very strong side look, "Poor fellow, poor fellow, you don't know who you are!" As he walked away from me, I thought "is that the persecuted man? is that the false preacher?" I felt in my

heart that he was a messenger of God. I determined, God permitting, I would hear him that day. In reading his hymn and in his prayer there was the same interesting and solemn appearance; his sermon was argumentatively strong and powerful. I saw religion was very dignified and beautiful—just such religion as that could make man happy, and what he ought to be. From that time till I professed religion, which was many years, I never lost the impressions of that day. Indeed the man's appearance was different from any I had ever seen before. That scene impressed me with the fact that he was a messenger of God. All the world could not have convinced me otherwise. Indeed, that circumstance, taught me a lesson that after years has sufficiently confirmed, that if a minister's countenance and appearance do not make an impression in his favor, it will be some time before his preaching and conduct will do it. How careful should every minister of Christ be, that his first appearance should make a favorable impression for the truth and sanctity of his high character: then he has gained much in favor of his calling; the congregation is prepared for his sermon or advice, as the case may be.

There are some occurrences in my history, after the above circumstance, up to the time of my professing religion, which I will state here. After the conversion of my sisters, my father became more serious, though he never had been a dissipated man, but a man of truth and honesty. He never would suffer his children to speak irreverently about God or religion; yet he was a wicked, honorable man. He suffered what was called then, decent dances to be at his house, and permitted us to go to them; but after the girls professed religion, he suffered no wicked conduct about his house; but I got so enamored with my wicked.

honorable dancing associates, that it seemed to me, I could not give them up, yet I thought the next dance should be the last that I would go to; but alas! that would cause the appointment of another, and the interested ones would appoint me to do something, and entreat me till I would promise to go. Thus I went on for years, a step at a time, with this friendly party in the road to hell. Another circumstance which attended me all the time. I would occasionally get drunk, this in connection with my frolicing course, gave my father and sisters great distress. My father and two oldest sisters seemed to despair of me; but thank God, in the midst of my wild and ruinous course, I had one sister that never faltered or lost sight of me; her soft and kind entreaties and expostulations with me while she would cry, "Oh my brother, my brother John, how can I give you up, I nursed you when we were orphans together," for she was my nurse. She then would cry—"I cannot, I cannot give you up." Thus she pursued me till 1812. I quit drinking, but went on with my frolics; she seemed to gain new strength at my becoming a sober man. At this time I was called upon to take my place in the Southern Army, under General Jackson. On leaving home they were all much affected, they thought it was highly probable they would see me no more. My father had professed religion by this time, and all continued to pray for the absent one. In 1814, I was taken sick in the Army. The fever was very violent, and all gave me out for death. At length the doctor came into my tent and told me he had done all he could, and that I must die; and to prepare for another world. I was past speaking or moving hand or foot; I seemed to be between the two worlds, a hair's breadth would have cast me either way. A fiery hell before me, an angry and in-

censed God above me; the heavens seemed hard and unpropitious; God seemed to be far from me in inaccessible light—and to spurn my entreaties: for I prayed incessantly from the time I was taken sick. Ah, now I thought of gone by days, and sermons and good impressions, and the tears and prayers and entreaties of my sisters—and the promises I had made and broken. And now dying in a distant and a savage land. I need not attempt to describe the heart-rending horrors of that night! for it now affects me beyond expression.

I will turn to a more pleasing scene. My father, a few days before that night, had come to the Army to see me, and found me in that dangerous condition, and was present on that dreadful night, praying for me and weeping, but all appeared to be in vain. About 11 o'clock at night, contrary to the expectation of all present, I fell to sleep and commenced sweating. My father told me I perspired so freely, that it raised a foam on my body. About this time of night my youngest sister, who was sleeping at home, two hundred and twenty miles from me, dreamed that she saw me struggling in the agonies of death. As her husband afterwards told me, she waked up screaming and trembling; he asked her what was the matter? she replied as I have stated, and added that she felt like praying for me. She kneeled down and commenced praying to God for me. Thus she struggled with God about one hour; then she rose from her knees in perfect quietude, observing to her husband "the matter is settled, he is either dead or getting well." Her husband asked her what made her think so; she replied that her distress about me, and her disposition to pray for me had all departed from her. At the same time of night my oldest sister, who was sleeping about one

mile off, dreamed the same dream, with this difference: she dreamed I was dead, but she thought I was not, because she felt like praying for me. She prayed about the same length of time, and rising from her knees, observed to my aunt, the matter is settled, he is either dead or getting well. My distress about him and my disposition to pray for him are gone. The next morning I awoke about day break, perfectly well, I thought. So perfect a sense of real health I never felt before nor since; every one seemed astonished at it, the doctor was as much, or more surprised, than any one else. He said he had never read nor heard of such a case; for the shock of death had gone all over me, (this I had sensibly felt;) so sudden a change spoke for itself, that the hand of God alone had done it. I felt myself, that what he said was so. Indeed all nature seemed to smile. The rising of the sun, I thought, was more beautiful than usual; the sun seemed glad on his return, from the manner in which he sent his rays around and under my shelter, that he had found me so differently situated from what he left me the night before. The heavens seemed propitious, God appeared to love me, and say to me, I have long borne with thee, I have now turned thee back from the dark gulf of wo, I have given thee another opportunity for thy life, and heaven and glory. I felt in my heart, that I thanked him, and loved him for it. Oh I thought I would serve him the balance of my time.

In a few days I set out for home in company with my father; he looked like an old veteran returning from a heavy battle with his prize. As we traveled, he talked, he cried, he blessed God. On we went till we reached the neighborhood of home; here I began to meet my friends, all seemed so glad to see me; they told me that I

was more than welcome. But to reach home was the point with me at that time. Finally I got in sight of home; I saw my second sister standing in the door, she did not know me. A long siege in a heavy war, and exposure in a southern clime, with my afflictions, had so changed my visage that she could not make me out till I spoke to her. She screamed, saying, brother John! is that you? and have you come to that? She ran to me; she shouted. Oh! I had heard that before, but what scenes had I passed since I heard it last. The circumstances of gone by life, and now at home, rushed on me with such power, my heart seemed to be dissolved into a fountain of tears and deep sensation. I wept with an indescribable force. It was not long till the other two sisters were present, and now learning the scenes of that dreadful night in the Army, and comparing the time of their dreams with that period, it was found to be the same night, at the same hour that they were praying for me, that I went to sleep.. They were now convinced that the dream and the prayers were from God, and that they yet had power with him in my behalf. They rejoiced in God their Saviour; the youngest one seemed to stand on the battlements of hell as an immortal victor, proclaiming to the infernal fiends, though far away in a hostile land, they had not got her brother; there was yet a mighty God, an all-sufficient God that yet heard prayer. Oh! how thankful I felt that I had such sisters. Who can tell the worth of such friends? Who would have thought that I ever would have gone into sin again. At that time all the world could not have made me believe that I would have done so, but alas! alas! who can tell the deceitfulness and power of sin, when it has objects and means suitable to times and places, and agreeable to the nature of man, for its agents.

My health kept improving; my old associates commenced coming to see me, and were so glad to meet me, and so kind to me. As soon as I was able I had to return their visits. While at their houses every possible kindness was shown to me. As their friendship gained upon me, my former feelings in favor of such fine company commenced returning, and my good desires were growing weaker every day, till finally I joined them in their plays. Again the awful struggles I had with conscience were growing weaker and weaker, till I fully took my pleasure with them. Again, still my conscience hurt me. My sisters now were grieved more than ever, and appeared greatly distressed. They would talk to me and weep and tell me of the scenes of that dreadful night in the Army. No one can describe the horror of my feelings at such times. In a few years these checks weakened down till I could think and talk about the whole matter and laugh; and I also got to swearing. Thus I went on till 1817, on the 5th day of July. Having spent the day and night before at a grand dance of several neighborhoods, in which I had taken a great part, early in the morning as I was returning home on my horse, I dropped to sleep; he passed under a horizontal piece of timber, and my head resting on my breast, the timber taking me a little forward of the top of my head, I about half waked in the crash, for it seemed to be crushing me together. For some time I was insensible of my existence. When I came to, I was in excessive pain, and doubted for some time whether I would die or live. Eventually I saw I should not die. I then and there resolved, that let it cost me what it would, I would break off from my company, and that I never would go to another frolic. And I thank God, from that day to this, I have kept that promise.

At this time I determined if there was mercy for me, I would never stop denying myself of every thing that God forbids, be it what it might; and I would do every thing that he commanded, in order to find it; though I could not see how it was possible there could be mercy for such a wretch as I was. From this time my convictions increased, I was like the unclean spirit walking through dry places, seeking rest and finding none, till in March 1818, on a certain morning my distress became insupportable; I thought I had sinned away my day of grace and I was gone. The day appeared to grow dark; all nature seemed to mourn for me, God was displeased with me. The arrows of the Almighty were drinking up my spirits; though I was, at that time, in the employ of my uncle, I felt I could not work any longer. I could not eat nor sleep. In fact, it did not appear to me that I could live much longer, unless I found relief. I laid down my tools, and determined that I would go to a certain place, and I would get on my knees and there endeavor to pray for mercy, till I found it, or died and went to hell; for I wanted the dreadful conflict settled, I felt that I ought to be damned. Before I left the house, this text of scripture came to my mind: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." I felt I was that wicked man. The thought occurred to me, had I turned from my way? I felt before God that I had, to the best of my ability. The next thought was, had I returned unto the Lord? this I thought I had done in the best way I could, here I got comfort from despair. The next was to our God, for he would abundantly pardon. Here was the struggle. Will he do it? will he pardon? I thought he would. At this

moment another text of scripture came to my mind; "there is a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness." I instantly felt that I was fully persuaded in my heart, to believe this scripture, and with this persuasion I felt my burden and distress gone. I seemed not to have the weight of a feather. I enquired what is this? and looked down on the ground and waves of heavenly glory were rolling all over the floor and roof and sides of the house. I thought perhaps I could not see things right in the house; I walked out and I found the same light rolling on the ground. I looked up at the trees, it was rolling up them. I then looked and the whole creation was filled with the same light. It seemed to make the common day look dark. I felt astonished, I commenced examining myself, I found all was peaceful; thus I have given the particulars of my conversion to God, thinking that some poor lost soul seeking life may be assisted to find it. I now wish to give another trace, or series, of my moral character before my conversion.

From my earliest recollection I was taught to believe the Bible to be the word of God. The Bible was held sacred in my father's house, for it was always there. It was a school book here. When I was too small to be a scholar, I heard my sister reading about how the Jews treated our Saviour. This is my first recollection of hearing his name. I felt displeased at the Jews for the manner in which they treated him. I felt sorry for him, and I felt much attached to him, particularly after I heard of his saying in relation to little children; all of which I learned at school before I had learned to say my letters. This respect for his name was made on my feelings so strong, that I never could use his name disrespectfully or hear any one else do it, without feeling much dis-

pleased. I would have fought for his name at any time. I recollect of being at a wedding of one of my friends, about the year 1816. There was a noted infidel at the marriage; during the night, standing close by me, he called Jesus Christ a d——d bastard. The thought occurred to me that he ought to be burnt alive, I instantly caught hold of him and threw him into a large fire and put my right foot on him to hold him there; and there it was my intention to hold him, but the by-standers soon pulled me away and rescued him from the flame. His woollen dress was highly ornamented with coals of fire sticking to it. As soon as they got the coals off of him, he talked of doing wonders with me, but he took care never to approach me. I waited for him some time, till I saw I was waiting in vain, I then went about my business. I do not recollect that there ever was a time when I did not see, and to some extent, feel my need of experimental religion, as taught in the Methodist Church. I always believed the doctrine of the Methodist Church. Though I had never heard it preached, I had learned it from the Bible. The doctrine of Calvinism, as preached by the Baptists and Presbyterians, I never did believe. If God was a holy, just and good being, as the Bible stated him to be, he never could be the author of such doctrine. When I heard the doctrine, whom he did foreknow, he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, &c. and then applied to the elect, I thought if the text meant any thing, it certainly meant all that God foreknew any thing about, and if there were any he did not know; if he never was to grow any wiser, he never would know them, how could he ever damn them? The explanation that they put on the text, seemed unauthorized and contrary to the character of God; thus I continued till Methodist

preachers came among us, and my father and his family were brought under their influence. Some time after this I commenced going to church with my sisters, when I could. My father was a poor man and had no help but me. The powerful religious influence that was among them made me their friend. I became a kind of controversialist in their favor. This led me into frequent combats with the Calvinists. It was not long before I found they could not sustain their own doctrine, for I constantly attacked their inconsistencies with the plain declarations of the Bible; in order to come off victorious I read the Bible as well as I could, for I had but very little learning and that little imperfect. I got hold of Wesley's sermons. I soon became strong in battle, and their strongest ones could stand but short battles. I took to going to Camp-meetings in order to defend them. The battles I would get into here, were not a few, and that too, with non-religious Calvinists, who opposed these meetings with their might. They would frequently raise mobs and do much mischief, as well as distract the whole encampment, and some times confuse the order of divine worship; at such times I was very busy in coming in contact with the leader of the mob, and some times I would meet with very rough looks and words, and some times the threat of blows, but to my regret the last never came. Oh how I did want one of them out in the woods a little while; though often challenging to a walk, I could never get one; the challenger would back out by saying this is no place for such as that. I recollect in 1816, I was at Mount Pisgah Camp-ground, in Giles county, Tennessee. A large healthy looking young negro man was smitten by the powerof God, screaming and wallowing on the ground. Several of those wise ones who thought it all delusion were

present. A large well dressed and good looking man, swore he could raise him, and started towards him with a drawn loaded whip. I determined that he should not strike that negro till he whipped me; I stepped in between him and the negro. He took it as an accident, and he stepped to the left to pass behind me, I backed and fronted him; he looked at me sternly and angrily in my face, and asked me what I meant. I told him he should not strike that negro, in the fix he was in; he said he was his own, and he would do what he pleased with him. He then attempted to pass to my left. I again stept between them; he became excessively enraged, drew back his whip and swore he would give it to me. I told him I had concluded to take it, to cut away; perhaps by the time he got through with me he would be out of the notion of whipping the negro. Just as I uttered the last sentence I heard the poor fellow behind proclaim the shout of triumph. As I turned my head to see him, he seemed to be ten feet up in the air. Though black as jet, heavenly glory was beaming from his eyes and features. My antagonist seemed unmaned, became very pale and turned away and walked off without saying anything more to me. I wept bitterly because I was so great a sinner, but I confess that my tears had some comfort that I had stood between him and the bloody whip.— These circumstances, with many others that I might name, caused the leading characters in the church to notice me, both ministers and members. They were very kind to me. When among them I never wanted for something to eat or where to sleep. Their kind care of me caused me to shed many a tear that God's children should take care of such a sinner as I was, but their kindness had a good effect on me. There is another trait in my

moral character, previous to my professing religion that I will state here.

From a boy, I had a steady conviction, that if ever I professed religion I should have to preach. This conviction would grow so strong at times, that I would seem to forget myself, and I would commence preaching and exhorting as though I had a congregation, and it seemed to me that I could see sinners weeping and christians shouting. Just as I afterwards saw it in my exercises as a preacher. Indeed my ministerial life seems as a comment or rather a repetition of those scenes, for at the time I was thus exercised, all appeared to be real facts until the shouts of christians and screams of sinners would wake me up to myself, and when I would thus come to, I would be crying and shouting aloud. And then on reflecting who I was, a wayward impenitent sinner, I would shudder and tremble for some time in fearful apprehensions of God's immediate displeasure. Thus at times I went on up to the time of my conversion. It may be asked what kept you from God so long? It was the fine, innocent and virtuous young women and young men, with whom I associated, for I would not keep company with young people of doubtful character. I always set a high estimate on the virtue of the fair sex; I would have given my vote for the young man who withered such a flower in ruin, to have been hung. I have no good will for such yet. I would not blame the fair ones if they would never suffer such a man to walk a floor they kept clean or rest on a bed or eat one thing that they cooked, and spurn them from their presence forever. Yea, I would say, amen! I have long been convinced that the fate of the church is in the hands of the fair ones; let them become corrupt, and the present generation, as well as future generations, with a few exceptions,

to the present, are damned above ground, except those who die in nonage.

I will now give my knowledge of the Methodist Episcopal Church, up to the time I became a member and minister thereof. My first knowledge of her was a society formed in the neighborhood, where I lived. I knew them all before they ever heard Mr. Garrison preach; they had for their place of worship a little pine log house, which went by the name of Hartgraves' Meeting house. This house stood near Beaver Dam creek, in Franklin county, Georgia. Those who joined it from first to last, had to become plain and simple in their dress; all ruffles, bows, rings and feathers, whether worn by gentlemen or ladies, had to come off, (for men in those days wore ruffled shirts;) after they became members, if any one became fashionable, as it was called, the church became dissatisfied with such an one, they were talked to by the class and class leader, if they did not reform, they were dismissed from church; for the members were never suffered to follow the ever varying fashions of the world. There was a marked and distinct difference in their dress, in its plainness and simplicity, from that of the world, and even other churches who, as far as their ability would go, followed the ever changing fashions of the world; all said there could be no harm in dressing as fine as their ability would allow. So you see in this respect that society was formed. But this was not all. Its class-meetings and love-feasts were entirely new things in the different churches, and were opposed and persecuted by all other branches of the church of God. And as other churches had been established there long before Mr. Garrison came to preach to them, their influence, I mean the world and the churches, stood opposed to its formation as well as its continu-

ance; for it was talked against and persecuted by all. This little society had class-meetings every Sunday. It was steady to its own meetings; for its members had no encouragement to go to other meetings, just to hear themselves abused. They seemed to be of one mind and of one heart.—They frequently got shouting happy at their church meetings; indeed it was seldom otherwise. They always rejoiced to meet with each other at church or any where else; for they were not ashamed of each other. The shutting of the doors in class-meetings and love-feasts, and turning all others out, though always acting according to the provisions of the rules of discipline on these points, gave great offense to all and was much spoken against by all other denominations. Previous to the raising of this society the young people, whether the children of professing parents or of the world, went to frolics and danced and were equal actors in all the plays of amusement that are common to the world; such as "Sister Phœbe, Selling the Thimble, and Grinding the Bottle;" for such practices were connected with all our corn shuckings, log rollings, and harvestings. Those who joined that little class quit all those plays and frolics and spoke against them as sinful and destructive to soul and body. This raised a great stir in the ranks of pleasure and was the cause of much persecution to them. In fact they were laughed at and opposed by all; and were the scorn and song of the drunkard.

I will now give a short account in relation to their own meetings. The greater portion of them were poor people, though they lived entirely on their own labor, they had horses to work but none to spare in the week; in work or crop time the men frequently had to stay at home and work, (for that was a country of poor land;) there was no

time to be lost and every thing saved, to the poor people in order to live. The women would always go and walk two, three, and four miles to meeting, wet or dry. No one was suffered to neglect their class-meetings and stay in the church, rich or poor, if they were able to get there. The preachers were very strict to inquire at every time they come, (and they were very attentive to their appointments,) whether the members walked orderly or not in their common course of life. As to their attending church, the preacher had only to call for the class paper and examine it on that subject, and he could know the whole truth, for it was a faithful record of that matter. The order of it was as follows: As regarded class-meetings, if they were sick the letter S was set down at the end of their names. If absent without the class leader knowing the reason, the letter A was put down. If from home, the letter D. Thus I have been very careful to give the formation and walk and society order of the first Methodist Society I ever saw, for the following reasons. First, it gives my knowledge of the Methodist Church; for what that society was, both in itself and in its ministers, all other societies in the bounds of my knowledge were; the ministers observing the same course in their administration of discipline, with very few exceptions, up to the time of my connection. Secondly, the same power of God that attended the minister in forming that society, attended the ministers in forming other societies and taking care of them. Indeed it seemed to be a continuation of the same ministry and power. The conviction and conversion of the members that formed this first society, were the same kind of convictions and conversions that formed all others. And truly those convictions and conversions were awful and tremendously glorious. I have often seen

under those sermons, or at the prayer-meetings of the societies, the stoutest of men instantly fall as dead men to the ground and lay motionless, and seemingly breathless for hours. Others would be so struck with a sense of their sinful state that they would commence crying aloud for mercy, while their countenances would express their awful feelings, and their dreadful expectation of God's immediate displeasure; they would roll and tumble and scream for mercy; the awful agony into which they would get before their deliverance, and the struggles, cries and intreaties of the church to God for their deliverance, was enough to rend the hardest heart of man; but all of a sudden, as quick as thought, his countenance would change and his tongue would cry "why bless the Lord; salvation to God; glory! glory!" while his countenance fully evinced that he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. After a while our dead man would come to, smiling, and then his countenance would seem to shed flames of heavenly love, and then wonderful stories of redeeming grace he would tell. God would attend these scenes with awful convictions to the wicked. I was then convinced, and I am now confirmed in the conviction, from many years observation and experience in the things of religion and of the world of mankind, that nothing but such a work as above described, could have established Methodism in the neighborhood where I lived in Georgia, or any where else I have ever been. I mean that Methodism that Mr. Wesley called holiness of heart and life.

I will now pass from Georgia to Tennessee. In the latter end of the year 1811, my father moved with his family to Tennessee, and settled in Maury county. The country was a green canebrake and a wilderness. We found a Methodist society within three miles of where my father settled.

The leading members of the society were old members from other States. Here I found the society living like the one I had left behind me. My knowledge of the Methodist church became more extensive in Tennessee than it had been in Georgia. Here I went to two day's meetings and Quarterly meetings from twenty to thirty miles. In all my short travels I found Methodism the same thing that I left behind me. Here I became acquainted with camp-meetings. I had never seen but one in Georgia, and but one day at that. At these meetings I found large encampments with a great many campers; the camps were built of split timber, and some times small poles from eight to ten feet high, covered with boards about four and a half feet long. These camp-grounds were always out in the forest, close by some fountain of water, suitable for the occasion. The dense groves of tall timbers of Tennessee, then produced the most delightful shade I ever saw. The whole country, particularly on the rich lands, seemed almost one shade. In these encampments I found a pulpit reared out of logs, till about three feet high; then a puncheon floor put on them, and a book or hand board put upon two pieces drove into the ground, and a bench made of a split puncheon for the minister to set on. Fronting this stand were large rows of seats made out of timber split open; the split side smoothed a little with the axe, and laid down, their ends resting on long polls. Before the stand was some straw or fodder for the mourners (for they always had them) to kneel on. I soon discovered that great power attended these meetings and that they would be a powerful instrument in the hands of Methodism to triumph in this country. I found here that the two great armies had met in such a way as one or the other must give back, for here were the strong

of the Lord in members and preachers in close battle array with the enemy; that if they kept full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and if the campers kept good order, such as became the occasion, they must triumph. But on the side of the enemy there were fearful appearances; for the strong ones of the devil in all sorts, kinds and characters were here, and seemed to do their best to bring such meetings to a public contempt. Here I first saw what was called the jerks, a very strange as well as disgusting exercise. The persons who would take them would commence their exercise by jerking the head backwards for a few times, and then backwards and forwards in such quick succession, that if the persons standing by did not take hold of them and sustain them, (and this was hard to do, for they seemed to have supernatural strength about them) that they would jerk themselves to pieces. This strange and disagreeable exercise appeared mostly to follow young people, though some of all ages would have it. Neither was it confined to the members of the church, for some of the wicked would take them and curse them while they were jerking them as though they would be torn to atoms. Others would seem very solemn and serious after they had ceased. I at one time ventured to ask a lady of fine character and deep piety, who at times had them very severely, if she could discern that they had any good effect on her. She said she could not see that they had. I asked her if any certain feeling or foregoing indication was realized that they were approaching before they came on. She said she always felt like shouting, and if she shouted they would not come; if she cramped her feelings and did not shout, they would be sure to visit her. This singular exercise passed away in a few years, to the joy of all. But the enemy made great use

of it in order to injure those meetings and the work in general, for this exercise was not confined to camp-meetings. In spite of all opposition camp-meetings have continued to prosper and do great good. Hundreds and thousands were converted at them. It is true that the wicked committed deeds of blackest dye at them also.

CHAPTER II.

Union with the church—Call to the ministry—Rev. Thomas L. Douglass—His first circuit—Rencounter with the Calvinists, &c. &c.

In 1818 I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and professed religion a few days afterwards.—From this time I felt a constant impression to call sinners to repentance. In the month of May I went to a quarterly meeting on Bradshaw creek, Giles county, on purpose to see Thomas L. Douglass, and have a private interview with him. I asked him to take a walk with me, which he cheerfully did. I laid before him my feelings. After pausing some time he answered me and said, "John, I have seen you at our meetings for the last three years, and from the deep interest you took in our welfare, and from your seriousness and good behaviour, I have thought there was something extraordinary about you; I thought there was something for you to do." I told him I had felt from a boy, if I ever professed religion, I should have to preach. At this last word he bursted into tears, and observed to me he had felt the same.

way, and I was the first person he had ever met with, that had been exercised like himself. He then advised me to travel the balance of the year with the Rev. John Seaton and Hartwell H. Brown, who were then traveling Richland circuit. I accordingly did so.

Having come to the name of that great man, Thomas L. Douglass, before I leave it, suffer me to pay my tribute of respect to his memory. Take him altogether, he was the best Presiding Elder I ever saw. He was a deep and strong divine. He was hard to excel in the pulpit. In his administration of the Discipline, I have never seen his equal. Middle Tennessee, at the time he came, needed just such a man. No man ever contributed so much to the sound popularity of the Methodist Church in this portion of the State, as did THOMAS L. DOUGLASS. I traveled with him six years; I never shall forget him, my best feelings linger around his cold clay bed. The Methodist Church in Middle Tennessee, is under the strongest obligations to his venerable name. I am glad that his remains sleep in the center of so many victorious battle grounds, at which he presided in person. His name will be held in everlasting remembrance, while those who spoke evil of him will be forgotten. I hope some one will yet give the church a biography of him.

I went home from the quarterly meeting and began to prepare to leave the paternal abode for a new scene in life. I never shall forget the day I left, and my father's last words to me, while he was bathed in tears. "My son, don't disgrace me; remember the awful calling and its high responsibility." He turned away and walked off. I thank God his gray hairs were suffered to come down to the grave, without ever blushing to hear my name called. He died in 1832, full of faith and in the

strongest assurance of heaven. My oldest sister, a short time before him, had died in full assurance of heaven and immortality. My second sister died, 1844, in the same way. My youngest is still living, and on her way to heaven. Some time in June, I joined Messrs. Seaton and Brown; they received me kindly. I traveled first with one and then the other. Richland circuit that year embraced the territory lying west of Giles county, extending to the Muscle Shoals, on Tennessee river. It took us six weeks to get round; we had but little rest and much hard traveling and labor. As the territorial part of our circuit was a wilderness, and just filling up, the oldest settlers perhaps had not been there more than a year. We had much trouble in this new part, with the fierce ranting Calvinists, who were doing all they could to distract and destroy the societies in this section. Indeed this was their steady work every where, and always had been. We sometimes were assailed by them in a very unbecoming manner; and as we were all three young men, it is likely they thought our youth and inexperience would give them easy triumph, out of which they could make much capital in those wild regions. But in this they were sadly disappointed. Brother Seaton was a young man of a clear, sound head, and of several years standing in the ministry. Brother Brown was scarcely grown, and as that was his first year, he would have been badly prepared for such attacks, but his father's house had been the preacher's home from before he was born. His parents were clear-headed and strong-minded; they had not neglected to give him the necessary instructions. In this he had strong advantages, and besides he had naturally a strong mind, and of ready apprehension. As to myself, I had been in such a war from a boy, and was well acquainted with

their mode of attack; for they always commenced by asking the same questions in a greater or less degree. I had heard them a thousand times. I recollect near the mouth of Blue Water, near the Muscle Shoals one day, brother Brown had preached at a brother's house. After the congregation had been dismissed, an aged man who was on a visit to see the Landlord, rose up and attacked us in a rough manner, and went on at some length, neither of us making any reply, till the man of the house broke into his conversation, by asking us all, if we would not like after dinner, to go a fishing. To which we all agreed. I took brother Brown out and told him I wanted him to paddle the canoe, and told him my reasons, to which he agreed. It was not long till we were on the water. Brother B. paddled the little craft; our Landlord stood in the bow with his gig; our assailant and myself set near the middle on two boards. I soon introduced the subject of his assault on us. At this he very willingly went to the matter. Instantly we were in close death-like action. It was not long till he was so fired that he talked very loud, and soon seemed to get very angry. I minded neither of these, but kept close to him, sending home darts every moment. He finally turned to the bow man and asked him to make for shore; he wanted to get away from me. I looked round at brother B. and gave him the wink. I then told my friend we were not going to land; this was my time; he had publicly, at the house, assailed us uncalled for, and as he was fond of water fighting, I hoped he would not flinch now, but let us have a final naval action. He answered, he would talk to no such a man. I asked him what had caused so sudden a change in his mind; he was very fond of talking to me at the house. He said he did not know me then. I told him

what he had learned of me was from talking, and to prevent him from getting into similar disgrace I would talk. At last he offered to pay me if I would let him alone. I told him I had no pay for such work, I wanted him to know that hereafter he should learn to treat Methodist preachers differently. He said he wanted to go to land. I told him we would go to land; I looked at brother B., he tacked the canoe to land. We went. Our friend was very silent all night, and next morning till we left him. I need not tell the reader we caught no fish.

As brother Brown is yet living, a man for whom I have much esteem and respect, and as this little narrative may come to his hand, and now in his advanced stage of life, he will learn that I have not forgotten him, nor our Blue Water, or Shoal Creek difficulty.

I will relate another circumstance which I know he has not forgotten. The Calvinists had a three day's meeting, near one of our little societies, which was called ——. Wesley's Testament, sometime previous, had come out in a separate form; for it was nothing more nor less than the translation accompanying his Notes. At their three day's meeting alluded to, some reverend gentleman had this little book and read it from the stand, particularly those places that were differently translated from our authorized version. This had well nigh ruined our little society near that place, none of whom had ever seen or heard of such thing. The truth is, there were a great many of the Baptist brethren, as well as our own, who had been gathered up in the wilds of this country, that thought our English translation of the Bible came from heaven, just as it is and in its present language. On our arrival we found the society in utter confusion, and almost all the members of the

neighboring church where that book had been read. We had heard nothing of it until our arrival at the place. Our first intelligence of it was from the Calvinists, with "you Methodists have altered the scriptures, you have put John Wesley's name to it in the place of Jesus Christ's." This was in every one's mouth. At last I asked them if they had the book. They said no, but they had seen it at the meeting, and heard the preachers read it, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and that it did read so and so. I then asked them if they did recollect distinctly how it read. O yes! O yes! was the reply, all around us. I asked them to name a few passages; they mentioned Philip and the Eunuch and several other places that were altered. I discovered that they quoted Mr. Wesley wrong, for I had the book but they did not know it. I told them to be certain that they read it right, for it was an awful matter, for the peace and happiness of the society there were destroyed. They then re-quoted the same scriptures in the same way. Some of our own members then said that it was read in that way. We then walked out; I said to brother Brown that something ought to be done; I forget his reply; however he was to preach. He went to the house and commenced preaching before I returned. I determined what I would do, I went to the house, found brother Brown preaching. It seemed, for I looked round on the congregation, that our members would not have looked much worse if they had been condemned to be hung; while the others were laughing in their sleeves and appeared to be confident they had us now. After brother Brown was done, I got up and told them what had passed between us out in the yard. I asked them if I understood them correctly; they noded their assent. I then took the little Testament from my

pocket and read the places alluded to. I then took the Commentary from brother Brown's saddle bags and read the same places in that; both read different from the reading at the meeting. I then told them that they saw plainly that the book had been read wrong. I then told them that all commentators had translated the scriptures as well as Mr. Wesley; that we did not take texts out of Mr. Wesley's translation, neither did we hold Mr. Wesley's translation as our standard book. We held and defended our doctrines out of the same Bible that other churches did. I then gave them a short history how our English Bible came into the English language. Our little society commenced looking much better; our accusers looked a little sad; I went on, I told them now as they were such great heroes for truth, and thus saith the Lord, I wanted them to come and write down what they had stated to us, and if they did not do it, I should believe that they intended to protect those reverend sirs in their falsehood. I told them I intended to hunt up the gentlemen if they were above ground, and they should account for the statements; and I wanted to make witnesses of them. I then dismissed the congregation, and sure enough they began to steal out, one by one, without giving their names; I told them that was what I expected and to go on, we understood them. I then asked, (for I had understood all the time one of the reverend sirs lived in the neighborhood) if he was at home. Answer, no; he was gone up to Giles county after grain. I asked when he would be back; answer, this evening. As we were going ourselves that evening to father Brown's, I was told he would come the same road that we had to go. And as brother Brown knew him, for he had been acquainted with him for some time, I thought that would do. So after dinner we set out, leav-

ing the little society in fine spirits. At length in a beautiful plane, I discovered at a distance a man coming towards us, with a large full bag under him. As brother B.'s horse out traveled mine, he was some thirty yards ahead of me. I whipped up, that I might hear what he called him, for I thought he was the man. In their pass, though I heard my brother speak, I could not tell what he called him. I determined to ask him his name. I did so: he told me. I asked him if he was a preacher? he said he was; did he live in a certain neighborhood? he said he did. Are you the pastor of the church? he said yes. I asked him if he had ever seen what was called Wesley's Testament? he said yes, he had it at home. I asked him if it read so and so? he said it did. He here commenced abusing us for having altered the scriptures, and said many hard things about the Methodist preachers. He said he did not think Mr. Wesley had ever seen that book; the preachers of the present day had made it and put Mr. Wesley's name in the place of Jesus Christ's. He then went on with a very rough and harsh language of abuse. I told him I was sorry that such a book existed, if it read as he said it did. I told him that the members of his church had, that day at our appointment, told us that he had read it to them as he now said it read, and I wanted him to be certain that it did read so. He said it did read just that way, and if I would go home with him he would show me that it did. I told him it was not necessary for us to take that trouble, as I had the book with me, hauling it from my pocket at the same time and presenting it to him, asking him to take it and see if it did read as he said. At this moment he seemed much confused and became very angry, and said to me that that book did not read like his. I asked him to look and see, for he had ne-

ver looked at it; how could he tell how it read when he would not look into it? He still kept saying it did not read like his, though I could not get him to touch it. I then turned to brother Brown and told him he might go on; I would go back with this fellow and see his book. At this I commenced getting on my horse in order to go back with him. He then said my book read just like his, and as yet he had never looked inside of it. I confess before God, to my shame, I got fighting mad. I then told him that he was the most inconsistent liar that I ever saw. He then commenced threatening me, if I talked so to him, what he would do, he would get down and thrash me. I told him not to threaten me, I preferred to be whipped, rather than threatened. He here turned the subject again to abusing me as a false prophet; he said I taught that christians could fall from grace, and that he could no more fall from grace than Jesus Christ could be dethroned. I told him I was glad that I had it in my power to say he had told one truth, for no such a liar as he was had any grace to fall from. He here became outrageous, he raved, he foamed at the mouth, he stuttered and exclaimed, at the same time raising his right arm nearly strait up with a long keen black hickory in it, well trimmed; he rather leaned over me, for I was standing right by his right leg: he would stamp, stamp me into the ground. I told him to light and do it, for I felt like I could spend that evening with perfect delight in kicking him all over that flat, and whip him round the root of every postoak sapling in it. He turned towards home, bawling as he went. I then got on my horse and went on. It was some time before I got over the darkness that came on me in consequence of my getting mad. It taught me that I needed more religion than I had, as a minister of

the Methodist Church, who met with so much fierce opposition in order to destroy her; for it seemed at times that all hell was stirred and in battle array for her destruction. She had to be defended by her preachers. These were the butt of their fiery darts. If the preacher manifested a wicked spirit or got mad, their keen-eyed souls would see it, and spread it far and wide to his injury; God would take his light and peace from him and give him a sense of his displeasure. I saw nothing but the power, the mighty power of God, yea its constant indwelling, both in the members and preachers, would enable them to overcome the difficulties with which they had to contend.—Holiness of heart and life must be our motto and our work.

In this circuit I met with many kind friends who helped me much. In the fall, I left that circuit and went to the Annual Conference, which met in Nashville. Here I was received on trial and was appointed to Elk circuit, which then took in all the country lying between Shelbyville and Fayetteville, as follows: from the mouth of Cane creek, in Lincoln county, up said creek to its head, thence over Elk Ridge to the head of Sinking creek, thence down that to its mouth, on Duck river, thence up the river winding back to Elk Ridge; thence back to the river and crossing at Shelbyville, then up the river on its north side to Dance's creek, now called Fairfield; then north to Hoover's Gap, on Stone's river, thence winding through the hills to the Barren Fork of Duck river, a few miles below the Stone Fort, there crossing on to its southern side, thence winding between it and Elk Ridge to Gage's creek, then to Thompson's creek, then south across Elk Ridge to the head of Rock creek, of Elk river, down that creek some distance, then down Elk, winding between it and Elk Ridge,

taking in the whole country from that to the beginning; in all a ride of about two hundred and eight miles, with twenty-eight appointments to be filled in four weeks. I was alone. Some time after I came on the circuit, brother Wm. McMahon, who was the presiding elder that year, employed brother Kirkman to help me. We had good times this year on this circuit, with hard travels, and labor day and night. I found the Methodists here as I had seen them every where else, plain in their dress, regular in going to meeting. They had prayer or class-meetings every Sabbath; the class paper marked so as to give the preacher a correct idea of the condition of every class. He at once knew how to talk and preach to them. I found them here opposed and persecuted from the same sources that I had every where else. They were a self-denying, a holy people. I discovered all round the circuit, a hungering and thirsting, and a great desire to have prayer meetings in the week at night, and on Sunday night. At these meetings the members would be much affected, some would get very happy and then they would go and talk to the wicked part of the congregation. Many would receive conviction and become mourners. Almost every night there would be new convictions or conversions. Thus the year ended.

In the fall of 1819, I was sent to Lebanon circuit; here I was alone the two first quarters. At the second quarterly meeting, the presiding elder, Thomas L. Douglass, appointed brother Sewell to help me. I found the Methodists the same people in Lebanon circuit, that I found them elsewhere. In their dress and every thing else a holy, happy people. Here the class paper told me the state of my circuit. I found them holding prayer meetings in the week at night and on Sunday. I exhorted

them to look for the power of God and to pray for a great revival. About the middle of this year the great revival in Middle Tennessee broke out on every part of my circuit and in the Nashville circuit, Duck river circuit, Richland circuit, Limestone and Madison circuits, also Elk and Stone's river circuits.

Here we will stop for the present and go back and say something more of camp-meetings. Up to this time there was opposition to them and the work at them. The circuits were all large, from a hundred and eighty to three hundred miles round; though they were so large, there was but one or two camp-grounds in each one. The members would go in their wagons from thirty to forty and fifty miles to these meetings. Sometimes they would go on horseback, with corn in one end of their sack, and in the other something to eat. Some poor people would take it afoot, with their provisions on their shoulders. Sometimes there would be twenty or thirty with one wagon. They would put their bedding and wearing clothes and provisions in the wagon, and all take it afoot. I have gone with such companies to camp-meeting. They would walk cheerfully, singing the songs of Zion as they went. Sometimes poor girls who had no one to go with them would take their clothes and a pair of shoes tied up in a handkerchief, and walk from ten to twelve miles and then find shelter with the tenters. All seemed anxious for the meeting; every mourner from fifty miles round would get there if he could. Sometimes Methodist men would take their wagons and haul the provisions and clothes of several mourners to the camp-meeting, and there they would stay and sing and pray with them, night and day, till God would convert them: and then take them back. But they were sure to take back an army of sol-

diers for the cross of Christ. On their return, great and glorious revivals would take place in their neighborhoods. All would go into the work at camp-meeting and numbers would get religion. At these meetings the campers seldom, if ever, had rich tables. The diet was plain, the people generally went to camp-meetings to get and to do good only. The order of meetings was, at day break every morning, to go all round inside of the encampment and blow a horn or trumpet near the door of each tent, as a signal for all to arise and prepare for service. Fifteen minutes afterwards it was blown again as a signal to have prayer in each tent. All were up and at worship; there was no one who was well, loitering about in the tents. At sunrise the horn was blown at the stand as signal for a general prayer meeting, to which all that could, would come. After that some two would go around to each tent to ascertain how many had professed since the morning before. At eight and eleven, and three and night preaching. The meeting generally commenced on Friday, and broke up on Monday. Sometimes if the work was more than ordinary, they would hold till Tuesday.

Now I will state something of the opposition that these met with. As I have said before, all denominations of Christians, except the Cumberland Presbyterians, opposed them with their power, and publicly preached against them. They seemed determined to put them down. There were a great many who thought it would have disgraced their wife or daughter forever, if they had stayed on the camp-ground all night. Some times their wives or daughters would be so convicted that they would go up to be prayed for; they would come into the altar in great haste to take them out. Those who were praying for them

would reason with them and entreat them to let them get religion, but to no purpose; out they would have them, right or wrong. Then in great rage cursing the "straw pen," as they called the altar; and off home they would take them. Some times the wounds were too deep to be either cursed off or abused off; they would get religion on the way or at home, and the furious wretch would get convicted and get religion. In this way the work often made its way into the families of its enemies and made them its friends; and in this way it would get into the neighborhood where such lived, and a society would be raised there, and it become a preaching place. At other times when they would come into the altar, God would convict them so powerfully that they would fall to the ground, and commence praying themselves for mercy. The above of whom I have been speaking, were worldlians. If the children of other denominations would get religion among us, they would rather that they would be any where else than in the Methodist Church. They would do all in their power to keep them out, and if they had joined, to get them out again. Frequently they would prevail, and the children would backslide and go to the world again—to the ball room and to the gay circles of life. And then the parents would seem to be satisfied. Sometimes they could not get them out or keep them from joining. The rest at home would laugh at them and persecute them; but they would bear it and pray and get happy and shout, while they walked two and three miles to get to their class meetings and circuit appointments, till finally the power of God would make all at home to be at peace with them.

Besides all this, camp-meetings had other great and sore oppositions to contend with. Armed and

drunken mobs of men always attended; they would saunter through the camp-ground, swearing that they would knock any man down that would interrupt them. They always had kegs or jugs of liquor hid out. Sometimes, after the congregation had left the stand, they would get into the altar and one of them would preach and the rest would cry, Amen! and thus they would go on till the guard would go and disperse them, if they could; for sometimes they were too strong. In that case they would have to take their own way. After they would get done preaching, they would bark and howl, till just before day, then they would sneak off until night again. Sometimes the horses would be turned out of the pastures into the cornfields, with many of their manes and tails trimmed. Saddles cut to pieces, bridles cut up, horses stolen, carriages injured. It was dangerous for a Methodist preacher to walk out of the encampment, unless he had a respectable company with him, for there were some, it would seem, always watching for some opportunity to tell some slanderous tale upon them, and as there were more or less women of ill-fame lurking about, they only wanted suitable circumstances to give coloring to their hellish designs; but I thank God they but seldom got such opportunity. Those disturbers were sometimes headed by the captains of our muster companies, and the magistrates or justices of the peace. I never knew a camp-meeting but it was necessary to have a large guard of respectable men to protect it, till 1820. From that time to this, they have been but seldom requisite.

I will notice this point again when I come to speak of the camp-meeting which was at Center camp-ground, in Lebanon circuit. The business of the above named guards, was to keep good order,

and bring offenders to justice; when they could not be stopped by mild measures, the civil authority was the last resort. At the close of these meetings the scene was very affecting; the brethren parting with their preachers and each other, with a hearty shake of the hand, and often a strong hug. I have often seen the whole encampment thus bathed in tears, sisters embracing sisters, brothers embracing brothers, while the loud shouts and hallelujahs were pealing from the mouths of many. They appeared to have to use a kind of violence to separate. They would part and go off shouting and crying. I have frequently gone with and passed such companies, on their way home, laughing, and crying, and shouting, singing the songs of Zion. The whole forest would seem to be sweetened with the glory of God. Oh my God, shall I ever see such times again? At these meetings there always was a good work, to some extent, mourners all the time. The preachers used the best influence they had to get all the mourners in their circuit to camp-meeting, for here God converted them by scores. Oh how I have seen some poor mourners weep, because they could not get to go. As they would shake hands with me exclaiming, oh brother, you know my difficulties, when you get to the meeting remember me. Ah! my God, at such partings how have I begged the Lord to convert their souls. Thou knowest.

Sometimes God would convert those poor fellows before they would get home, then home they would go shouting, Glory! Glory! to their poor wicked fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, who had opposed their going to camp-meetings, and had even tried to laugh and scorn them out of their purpose of seeking religion. Such were their glorious looks when they would get

home, it was impossible for the family to doubt their change. They would then go round the neighborhood and tell their associates what God had done for them; and a good work would commence in that family and neighborhood. Oh how my full soul has blessed God, that the crafty devil was thus out-witted. I will here observe that I never saw or even heard of a Methodist camp-meeting, as I now recollect, up to the year 1825, at which there were fewer than forty converts, and very seldom that few. There were generally from sixty to seventy.

When I come to the above date, I will notice this point again. These things went on with the Methodist Church up to the time of the great revival, that took place about the middle of the year 1820, at which time, as before stated, I was appointed to Lebanon circuit. This year that great and extraordinary young man, Sterling Brown, was appointed to Nashville circuit.

As I have come to this great man's name, suffer me to pay my tribute of respect to his memory.—He was a young man of fine manners and address, very friendly and unoffending as well as cheerful in his social relations. He had a commanding appearance. His voice was loud yet not harsh; he was powerful in his sermons, and sometimes they were like a whilwind or hurricane that swept all before it. His name will never be forgotten by those who saw and heard him. He commenced traveling in the fall of 1817. He died in 1821.—No young man was ever more beloved, nor his death more regretted by the Methodist Church in Tennessee, than Sterling Brown's. As I shall have occasion to refer to him again, I will say no more here.

I was alone on Lebanon circuit half the year. My toils were very heavy; it was a very large cir-

cuit and but one rest day in it, and as soon as I had gone round the first time, I was convinced that the societies were praying for a revival of religion to take place. About spring there was an unusual seriousness in the countenances of some of the leading men in the country; they had attended my appointments during the winter and were very attentive. Soon a general seriousness seemed to prevail among the wicked every where. The church increased in her anxiety and labors, and was inspired with a growing confidence that God was going to do wonders. Crowds commenced flocking to church, mourners were increasing, conversions taking place in many places round the circuit. As brother Brown's circuit on its eastern boundary ran within three miles of my western line, I understood that the same appearances and work were in his circuit that were in mine. I learned from other circuits that there were the same manifestations. About April I found there was no chance for me to escape night meetings.—The wicked plead with me to have night meetings. I felt that now spring had come, that my whole system was giving way, for I had had night meetings all the winter; but then as the nights were long, one half of them would do me for sleep, but now they had got short. At every appointment a night meeting must be had. I will tell the reader that, what sleep I lost at night was lost forever, I never, under ordinary circumstances, slept in day light. Now what to do I did not know; if I made no appointment and stayed in the neighborhood, there were so many poor sinners enquiring after the way of life, that without any concert among them they would think that they would go and talk to me a while, and in this way a large congregation would be there. Then they must have meeting, and I must preach. I would

tell them I could not, I had had no sleep, I must rest. Oh, they would say, just sing and pray and talk to us a little, and then we will go on with the meeting. Well, at it I would go, and sure enough they would go on with the meeting, for if I had laid down, the anguish and groans and screams and pleadings of the poor fellows with God for mercy, would have been such, I could not have slept. So I spent the night in struggling with them, and talking to them; and occasionally God would cheer me by setting one of the poor fellows at liberty, and his face would shine so clear and his voice sound so heavenly, he seemed like one just dropped from Glory. Then we all would get happy. Thus the work went on till our third quarterly meeting, which was held at Hodge's meeting house. Here we had a glorious time in lovefeast. There were many converted. Brother Douglass, our Presiding Elder, was at it; also those extraordinary men, Messrs. John M'Gee and John Page, and many others. They managed the work well. They gave much comfort in telling me how to manage the work, and promised to help me all they could. So they did. The Rev. Chas. Ledbetter was also present. These three old men, connected with the Rev. Edward Morris, who all four had been traveling preachers for many years but were then located through age and infirmities, gave me much help every way. I never was in a circuit that had so much ministerial talent as that had. Thus the work went on till it seemed it had got through the whole country; away out in the hills, where there were no churches of any kind, and where the people never went to church. In one instance I was told that they had prayer meetings among themselves and prayed to God together, that he would convert their souls. They would come from all distances to our night

meetings and they would get converted by dozens. I will here relate one circumstance, that the reader may have some idea of the anxiety of these poor people to get religion. One evening riding down Smith's Fork, a large creek, in company with Joseph Winn and Jacob Hearn, on our way to a night meeting, we saw a very dirty looking man and woman before us; the man carrying one child on his back, another in his arms, the woman carrying one and several others walking. At length we came up. I saw the woman was weeping, and the man looked awfully bad. I asked them what was the matter, I got no answer; I asked again and again. The woman still weeping, at last she spoke. Sir, said she, my husband has been a dreadful drunkard, and the officers have long since taken all we had: my husband told me this morning that if I would go with him to night meeting, he would go. I told him I would go, and we are this far on our way. I then talked to them and told them that God would convert them.—They got to meeting, and when the mourners were called for, they both got up and came forward, kneeling down together, bringing their children along with them, and said to the whole congregation, we here offer ourselves, our whole families to God, we want religion, we want you all to pray for us. They then commenced praying for themselves. During the night they both got religion and joined the church. The poor woman said she could live poor and die poor, but she would be rich in Heaven.

Our first camp-meeting came on at Centre camp-ground. Here they came from all quarters. A wicked man, with his family, were the first that moved on the camp-ground; and he came in before breakfast. Before night the campers were all in and the meeting commenced with tremendous

power, and kept increasing till the whole camp-ground was filled with the slain of the Lord, conversions taking place in every direction. These converts would rise and make for their wicked friends, and they would then fall in by dozens.—The meeting fed itself. Soon not only the camp-ground, but all the tents were full of mourners. It stopped not here; all round the encampment for a quarter of a mile, the whole woods had groups of mourners and converts, and christians praying together. Thus the meeting progressed till it broke, on Tuesday morning. I then thought, and still think, no man on earth could give a description of it. No one ever seemed to notice his clothes. To see young converts going in every direction, telling every sinner they met, what God had done for them, and sinking down in every direction; to hear the groans and screams of the poor mourners, and to hear the earnest agonizing prayers of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters all bathed in tears for their friends, that God would deliver them from the power of the devil, and to see the seriousness that hung on the brow of every sinner, beggars description. All ages of men and women were thus seeking religion. The hours of preaching were almost broken up by the work. It was the opinion of the oldest and best judges on the ground, from Saturday 12 o'clock, that there never was less than five thousand people on the ground. During the meeting there was no disorder of any kind. Here we had no need of a guard of men as before, to keep order. God took the matter into his own hands and showed what he could do. I never saw a man laugh during the meeting, unless it was a happy laugh.—At the close of the meeting we had numbered 190 converts that we were certain of, but I doubt if we did not get half of the number; from their scat-

tered condition, it was impossible to count them. Numbers of the Baptist and Presbyterian children got religion here at this time and went home without being numbered, as they did not camp on the ground. Our numbers were almost entirely gotten from the tents.

There was one circumstance took place at this meeting which I will name here. There was a distinguished Infidel present. His wife and daughter went into the altar to be prayed for as mourners; he hauled them out in a great rage and carried them off home. In some hours after, a servant came back in great haste for Dr. Elgin. The doctor went in haste. He found the poor fellow in a great rack of pain, rolling from side to side on his bed. The doctor said when he returned, he had no symptoms of any disease he had ever read of or seen. In a few hours he died.

From this camp-meeting I went with the Presiding Elder to another on the Caney Fork circuit, at Parris', within three miles of McMinnville.—Here the poor people of the barrens had the great work among them; the work was extraordinarily glorious. Many got religion. As this meeting was in the barrens, there were not more than five hundred people present at any one time. From this we went to another camp-meeting in Maury county, near to where Spring Hill, a little town, now stands. It was the first camp-meeting that had ever been there. Here the rich Methodists from Columbia and Franklin had agreed to meet and camp. It was a glorious meeting. There was some bad behaviour here at the commencement, but the work got so great and powerful as to convince all that God had taken it into his own hands; great and glorious it was. At this meeting many of the first citizens of that country were present. The preachers seemed to possess great light

and power from God; they preached with an overwhelming influence. Methodism went off with so glorious a triumph, that her foes, who did not turn to be her friends, in many places became more silent. Indeed the work and our doctrine, (for they went together) were rapidly spreading and becoming popular among all classes of society, and it seemed that the time had come, when God intended, not only to make the gospel popular, but the holiness and power and truth of that gospel popular together. Immediately after this meeting, the work commenced in Columbia, and well nigh took the whole town. As to its popular influence, the honor under God, was conferred on the Rev. Thomas Maddin, a young man of fine address and powerful ministerial talents. He is yet living, and still in the work. May God's blessing be with him.

I returned to my circuit and found the society all right; the people getting religion all round the circuit. In every society, there was a great work. Shortly after my return (which had been previously appointed) a union camp-meeting came on for Lebanon and Nashville circuits, at Ebenezer, four miles north-west of Lebanon, in Wilson county. Here the preachers and members of both circuits met, eager for the contest. They brought the work with them; hundreds of newly converted souls came up for battle. Mourners came in droves. Wicked men had geered up their wagons and brought loads of mourners. They were coming in on foot or on horseback from every direction. They would make for the altar without stopping, for they came praying. The camp-meeting opened in this way; from the commencement to the close, persons were awakened on the camp-ground and coming in from the country. I will just add here in relation to this meeting, day and night there was no cessa-

tion to the work. The screams and cries of mourners, the shouts of new converts were all over the camp-ground and in the tents. Here as at Centre camp-ground, we needed no guard. God commanded the whole himself. The strongest Infidel that ever lived could not have doubted the divinity of the work. God seemed determined to make himself known in his awful and saving character; for all classes and sorts of society were made the subjects of his convicting power and converting grace. Sterling Brown was at this meeting with his members; he did his part in the meeting; poor fellow, little did I think that so bright a sun, before twelve months, would set in death at the same place, but it was even so. Peace to his sleeping dust. The Rev. Valentine Cook was at this meeting, and was of great service to it, as well as many others. Indeed all did their part. I will state here, at the close of the meeting the scene was affecting beyond description. From the camp-ground to the town of Lebanon, which was four miles, the road was one string of wagons, horse and foot people; the christains shouting, sinners screaming for mercy; now and then one would get converted and raise the song of triumph. Some poor mourners would fall right down and cry for mercy, but God would soon raise them all in a flame; they walked and leaped, and praised God. Through town they went, exhorting the people to come to Jesus. The citizens were out on the pavement and in the doors, for they had heard them before they got to town. Those who had attended the groceries before for liquor, now went to the doors and exhorted the keepers to get religion. Brother Brown returned to his circuit with the same scene along his road. We numbered upwards of two hundred converts from the tents; but no one that witnessed the work,

could think these were even half that got religion. There must have been hundreds.

My readers will suffer me here to state that notwithstanding God had thus worked, and was still working all round the circuit, and had awed the wicked in general into silence, there were some that seemed determined to oppose the work, with all their power and influence; while God seemed determined if they would not submit to his grace, that they should as publicly submit to his vengeance, as they had publicly opposed his mercy. Several circumstances in my circuit seemed to prove this. I had a society on Smith's Fork, where we had a great work. An aged man in the neighborhood, made it his business on every night meeting to have a frolic. On a certain night meeting he called the young people together as usual. After it was too late to go to meeting, he broke up the play, and sent one of his nieces to bring some walnuts to crack. She did so. She brought in some small ones. He asked what she brought them d——d things there for; if there was any God, he must be a poor God that would make such things; if he were a God he would act like a God, or he would not act at all. These things he said in a rage of anger. There was, at the time he uttered the last sentence, an awful pain struck him in the breast, so strong that he sprung from his seat screaming, and for a few minutes he walked the floor with increasing agony. At length he asked one of the young men to go for the class-leader. He was brought. When the leader came he found him rolling from side to side on his bed, raving like a mad man, and screaming he would not die! But in a few minutes he did die, heaving an awful groan that appeared to shake the room.

Another awful circumstance was told me. A grocery keeper induced three men to go and dis-

turb a certain meeting. They did so. The preacher dismissed the meeting. As the disturbers returned with the news of their victory to their unfortunate employer, three trees fell upon them, and each tree killed a man; these trees were not growing together, but close to each other.

I might relate many awful cases, but these will do. This was a year of hard toil and loss of sleep, and of grief and of much joy. Here I lost my health and broke a noble constitution, so that I have never seen one day since, clear of pain, and sometimes indescribable sufferings.

I am certain, from what has passed in twenty-six years, and what I now still feel, that I shall never, on this side of death, get clear of the sufferings that have and still do, and will grow out of the hard labors and exposures of 1820. No man knows the anxious care, the watchfulness, the agonies of a minister under such circumstances, but he that has been in them. But these sufferings are a foretime friends to me; they put me in mind of the scenes of their origin; then rises up before me hundreds of these happy ones, that then called me blessed, and thanked God that he had ever sent me to Lebanon circuit; many of whom have since reached the Royal city of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. My heart grows hot, and I am ready to shout and bless God, that I ever saw Lebanon circuit during this revival. I will relate the following statement, made to me by an Infidel, and I believe the only honest Infidel I ever saw, and a more gentlemanly man would be hard to find. His wife and three of his daughters had professed religion, and had joined the Methodist church. I had been persuading him to get religion. He said, Sir, I do not believe in your religion; my wife and daughters have professed and have joined your church. My wife and two eldest

daughters will get out of temper and get displeased with one another; this is contrary to the doctrines of the scriptures. I cannot understand such; but, said he, I do not know what to think of ——, calling her name; before she professed, she was gay and fond of frolics, and pestered me much about fine dressing; but since, sir, she has laid off her finery and says nothing to me about fine clothes. She never gets out of temper or displeased with me or any of the family. When I come in from my work, the first thing I know of her she is at the back of my chair, pressing my cheeks with her tender hands, asking me if she can do any thing for me; and then she will walk off and sit down. If I chance to look at her, she is looking right at me crying. Here tears came in his eyes. Sir, said he, I do not know what to think of her. He then got up and walked away. The reader will want to know what became of him and Sally, and her sweet conduct and her tears. Well I will tell you: Sally never stopped till she won the old man to Christ. She then died happy and is gone to heaven; and her aged father, some years afterwards, died in the same way, and is gone to join the song of the Redeemed forever. Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Suffer me to give you a case in reference to one of the societies in this circuit. There had been a difficulty, when I went to the circuit, of many years standing, in Hickory Ridge or Bethlehem society. The difficulty had involved nearly the whole society; it had formed two large parties of equal weight and numbers. It was one of the oldest, and it was the largest and wealthiest society in the circuit. Brother Douglass had informed me of this case before I left Conference. After getting to the circuit, I had nearly a whole round before I got there. I inquired of the old and lead-

ing members about the matter, and what we would do with it. They all told me that the division embraced equally the members in number and weight of character. They also told me that when the new preacher came and stayed with one of either party he could do the other no good. I immediately determined that they should not have that matter to contend about, so I stayed with none of them up to the time of its settlement. They also told me that they did not believe that it could be settled, for every preacher that had tried, had got into such difficulties, that it injured him the whole year. I thought on it and prayed about the matter the whole winter. Finally I determined to make an effort. At my appointment there in the first of March, after I was done preaching to the congregation, (for I always had a good one) I told them I had left my father's house, and Conference had sent me to that circuit to preach and help the societies to build themselves up on their most holy faith. I wanted the members that were present that day, to make it their business to see all the absent members against that day four weeks, and tell them if they pleased to come out on that day, and see me, for I had come a long ways to see them. I wanted to shake hands with them; I wanted to go to their houses and see how they lived, that I might know how to sympathise and pray with and for them. Sure enough that day came, and with it fear and trembling. I went to the ground, and found a large house filled to overflowing. After preaching, I told them what I had heard about them and their difficulties, and that the most experienced and aged members of the circuit thought the society ruined. These things had give me great pain. How to give up old Bethlehem, I did not feel like I could do it; that I had come to the conclusion to turn myself that day in-

to a recruiting officer, and beat up for volunteers in that society, and see who was for old Methodism and peace; and as I called their names; to let me know, and those who wished to be off to say so, for I felt like I wanted to have one battle with the enemy on Hickory Ridge, and I wanted no one in the battle who was not a firm or sound friend of old Methodism. For the first time I asked the class-leader for the class-paper. He rose and handed it to me. On looking into it I found it had not been marked for two years. But previous to that time it had been regularly marked, but all showed the wrecked condition of the society. The first name on it was a sister. I called her name and asked the leader if the sister was present. I was answered yes. I asked her what she intended to do. She rose from her seat, crying with an uplifted face, and said, my strange brother, I have stayed away from church, I am backslidden, and if my God and my brethren will forgive me, I will be a whole Methodist. At this moment her face changed, and like a reflecting glass, the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, seemed to flash from and roll in every feature. She commenced shouting, and I tell you it was a shouting. After a little she commenced exhorting the brethren to lay aside their prejudice and let us all be for God and the church. She for one had turned out a volunteer with the strange brother; while she had a voice to cry to God, he should have one sound hearted Methodist to help him. I had discovered from the time she commenced talking, that she was a woman of great influence there. The whole assembly, saints and sinners, commenced weeping as she talked, nor did she cease till the glory of God seemed to fill the house. The old soldiers who had been standing with their arms in their hands, not decided

whether they should fight or throw them away, now came to the conclusion to fight, and at it they went; and one more time the walls of old Bethlehem heard the shouts of war. The war whoop sounded gloriously. The old brethren who had hardly spoke to each other for years, now rose and ran and embraced each other, and the whole church, without one exception, proclaimed aloud to me, that they were all volunteers. Instantly the power of God came down in the congregation in awful convicting character, and sinners all over the house were crying for mercy, and in this neighborhood scores were converted in a few weeks. I afterwards inquired into the character of the above alluded to sister, and I found that she was a woman of uncommon influence, and had had the confidence of both parties during their difficulty, and that she had became dissatisfied at their distractions, and had concluded to stay at home, but hearing the message that I had sent to that part of the society that did not come to church, she felt convicted and had determined, let others do as they might, she would go to church and get to heaven.

Does my reader want to know who this woman was. Well I will gladly tell you, for I think her name should never die. Her maiden name was Babb at that time, and now is the wife of Warren Moore; she is living near Murfreesborough, Rutherford county, still in the way to glory. And let me add, where else should such women go? In conclusion, I will say to sister Moore, if this little book should ever come to her hand, I oft times think of her and that fearful yet glorious struggle; and if we should be so happy as to meet in heaven, we will there see the good under God she did that day.

In the fall of 1820 I was appointed to Stone's

river circuit. When I reached the circuit, as has been told, there had been a great and glorious revival and it was still going on. I did not know what to do. My constitution was well nigh gone, and my health with it. I had night sweats and day fevers all the time. To preach much was out of the question. A great many had been taken into the church the year before, and were still coming into the church, and a feeble, but good young man appointed with me, I determined as long as I could get from one society to another, to attend to the Discipline strictly and keep up the class-meetings and prayer-meetings, and try and get every zealous young man and young woman into the work; for I found many all absorbed in the work of God. To give the reader some idea of the great zeal the young converts had for the salvation of souls, I will give the following account:

Between the time my predecessor left the circuit and my return to it, in the neighborhood of one of the societies, the young converts had got liberty from their parents to hold a volunteer camp-meeting, and had it appointed. Some of the old people were to go and take care of them, and see that good order was kept, but it was to be understood to be the young converts' volunteer camp-meeting. On it came. Bright and early in the morning of the first day of the meeting, sword in hand, each one met and laid off their hats and bonnets and spread one long table, and they kept plenty on it. And then the battle commenced, and if there ever was a time when God's saving power shook heaven and earth, I think it was then. Each one seemed to be full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. They all seemed to have but one work, and they were full of a ready mind for that, and that too with irresistible power. It

seemed that a sinner, old or young, could not come on the ground and keep his feet for twenty minutes. Thus it commenced and thus it went on for three days and nights. Eternity alone must describe this scene. There was little or no sleep on the ground. It was one universal rush of battle; it was impossible to withstand, it seemed, the force of the scene; the hardest sinners were but as threads before the flame of the Divine Power. It appeared that God had come to take all, and demonstrate that great truth, where sin did abound, grace did much more abound.

I will tell the reader one circumstance that took place during this meeting. There lived not far off a gentleman and lady, who had one daughter; they had stayed away and had kept their daughter from the meeting. They did not believe in such nonsense as that came to. However, it would not do for the fine girl not to go on Sunday and show her fine clothes. Though even this they granted reluctantly. However, to gratify her, as she plead so hard, they agreed to let her go, but two men servants must go to take care of her. On went the gay one, dressed as fine as you please. But she had no idea of the scene to which she was going. She had never witnessed the like before.—The very first group she came to, was some of her high associates down on the ground pleading for mercy, in the deep agonies of the new birth. One of them raising her weeping eyes to heaven, caught a glance of Mary, and with a heart-rending scream exclaimed, Oh Mary! reaching her hands, your soul is in the gall of bitterness as well as mine. Mary tumbled down among them and commenced crying for mercy. Her fine clothes all forgotten. The servants attempted to take her out, but there were two young men, young converts, praying for them; they forbid the servants taking her up.—

They broke for home, and home they went crying. "Lord have mercy! Miss Mary down on the ground screaming." The old man in a rage said to the old lady, did I not tell you she had better not go? Then to the servants, why did you not bring her home? We would have done so master, but two men forbid us. Go you scoundrels and fetch her away. They went full speed, laid hands on the girl, and were forbidden by the young men; but they were told, master said to them to fetch her. The young men said no more; they tore her away, Mary screaming for mercy. The young men for a moment bathed in tears, paused; presently one said to the other, let us go with her. Agreed, said he; off they went, exhorting her to trust in Jesus, he would show mercy. On the servants bore her, for they had pretty well to carry her. She continued to cry for mercy. Presently they reached the gate, then the door. The old woman was standing at the side of the bed, and had fixed it to lay Mary on; the old man stood on the hearth, both were exclaiming, she is ruined! she is ruined!! and seemed to be greatly frightened, as the servants bore her on to the bed. About midway the floor, God powerfully converted her soul. She sprang from the servants and her head well nigh touched the ceiling, exclaiming why glory! why glory!! hallelujah!!! About this time the old man fell his full length on the hearth, and the old lady across the bed, and both went to praying as loud as they could for mercy. Now the boys and Mary found all was right. The two servants broke to run, much frightened, but they both fell at the door and commenced crying for mercy. Now in the midst of a glorious victory, for they had stormed and taken one of the Devil's strongest forts, the young men with their addition went to praying for the old folks and servants. Presently God con-

verted the old people and the servants, and they returned to the battle ground with their new troops in fine spirits.

On my coming to this circuit, though I found a great and good work, I also found hostile opposition, that seemed to reach to violence. The Baptists as usual were doing all they could, and many of their wicked friends, treating very badly those engaged in the work. Drunkards and dancers opposed the work, for it had got among them and nearly broke up all their frolics. One morning, as I was going to my appointment, I saw before me a young woman walking along a track that crossed mine. At the cross we met. She never saw me till she heard the sound of my horse's feet. With surprise she looked up, and I saw she was crying, and from her appearance had wept much. I asked what was the matter, (for from her appearance I was afraid some one had shown violence to her) at this she screamed one scream after another; I still asking what was the matter. At last she answered me; sir, said she, when you were at our meeting house last, God convicted me, I went home; my father has always been in the habit of having dances at his house every Thursday night. The next Thursday night I did not dance; he scolded me; before the next night God, for Christ's sake, had converted my soul. On last night was a week, my two sisters would not dance; he said I was the cause of it; that I should not work in the room, so I was put into another. But when bedtime came I had to sleep in the same room, but he would not let me sleep in the same bed; but brother, after they had all gone to sleep, I would get up and go to them and tell how good Jesus was. I could not rest, I was obliged to talk to them—here she shouted, and then added—on last night they would not dance. This morning he led

me out of the gate, and told me I had ruined his family, and destroyed his peace, and to clear myself, and never come back to his house again. Here she gave the most heart-rending shrieks I ever heard, shrieks that seemed to wake up the forest. I asked her if she had not talked saucy to the old man. She said no; but said she, what shall I do, who will let me stay in their house, now father has turned me out? I told her the hand of God was in this matter, to go on to the next house, and I would pay her board. She went on crying. Oh how I did pray God to take care of her. On the third day when I got to her meeting, thank God, I found her two sisters happy and the old man badly wounded hanging at the door.—Oh how I did thank and bless God for his goodness.

The reader will want to know what became of her. Well, I will now tell you. There was a poor Methodist young man at the next society, as quick as he heard she was driven from home, went to see her, and told her he had forty acres of land and a little house on it, and she was welcome to both, if she would take him in the gift. She did so, and lived with him for many years, and then died happy and is gone to rest.

The spring opened with the church in fine order, but my health declining, yet I had picked up three fine young men; Abraham Overall, John Rice and Absalom Harris. These boys were full of the spirit, and they did great good this year. Occasionally others would go on and help with the good work, which was going on gloriously all round the circuit. This year the Rev. Robert Paine (now Bishop Paine) was stationed in Murfreesborough; he frequently was with me and helped me much, and was a great blessing to the church in town, and in the circuit. He was a

young man of very superior abilities and holy power. May God's blessing go with him. My health had become so bad that the doctors in Murfreesborough had requested me to quit talking above breath. I thought, perhaps, I had better listen to their advice. So I kept on with my young men, and they would hold the meetings and exhort and hold class-meetings; these we never neglected. Shocks of divine power continued with us every where; conversions at every place; the whole church was fully in the work. We now appointed three day's meetings at the most suitable points all round the circuit, in order to rally the most efficient forces of each neighborhood in close contact with the enemy; for all they wanted was close action. Sometimes a wife would cry her husband to his kness clear across the house; a daughter her father or mother, brother or sisters, and even sinners of all kinds. The report had got out that no man could go and sit down in one of those meetings and not feel awful and cry.—There was a man, and a very brave and honorable man he was, who said he could go to meeting; he came with another gentleman with him to see whether he would cry or not. He took his seat about the middle of the congregation. His Aid sat a little to the left. The first looked me steady in the face for some time, as I was preaching. I soon discovered the faces of many of the members lighting up with the flame of the divine glory, mingled with tears. Presently a shock of overwhelming power instantaneously fell upon all. All saw the day was ours. Our hero cried like a child, his Aid crawled into the closet. The divine glory seemed to fill the house. Great was the victory of that day, and the power of God had all the praise from every mouth. About this time we had a two or three day's meeting at Foster's

meeting house. After having dismissed the congregation about midnight, and we had all got out in the yard, some who had not embraced religion during the night, commenced crying aloud, and thinking there were some present who could not hear such calls for help and not assist with their prayers, we all kneeled down and went to prayer, and there we stayed the balance of the night. At day break we found twenty-three had been converted in the yard. We all started to our lodgings, not to sleep, but to get our breakfast and back to the battle. As they went, they sung—"And we'll shout home to glory," &c. It seemed that the heavens and the earth and the forests were sweetened and lit up with the glory of God. Our meeting came off gloriously. After this we had a two days meeting on Spring Creek, at Sanders'. Here Calvinism had a strong hold. On the day appointed, both parties met; while we were preaching, I discovered that the two parties sat separate. The Baptists and Baptist sinners sat on my left hand; the Methodists and Methodist sinners on my right. While I was preaching on "Preach the gospel to every creature," I felt so confident of the truth of the text that I was, it seemed to me, almost led to throw out a most desperate challenge, and out it came. I took up the plea which was the argument of all the Calvinist sinners, in order to justify their not getting religion, "God has not convicted me and therefore, notwithstanding all your preaching, and conversions, I stand as a proof that God has a good time." The answer; I said to them, if there be such a sinner in the congregation, he should try the use of every means of grace, and then if God did not convict him, his objection would have some appearance of truth; but while they stood off and objected to the use of the means as they did, lest

they should take from Christ the glory of saving them, they certainly stood unreasonable before men, and guilty before God. Here the challenge came. I told them that if there was one such sinner in the congregation, if he would get up and come and kneel down before the stand and earnestly pray God to convict him, till I was done preaching, if God did not convict him, I would never preach the doctrine again. Instantly I saw a large rough looking man rise up at the lower end of the congregation on the left, and start towards the pulpit, and also a lady do likewise. At this moment both parties seemed to be roused into an awful struggle, as if each one felt his doctrines at stake forever. At this moment an awful darkness came on me, so strong that it blinded my natural sight, and with the darkness, an awful impression almost irresistible; now if Calvinism is right, you are gone and your doctrine with you. My faith seemed to give way. At length I came to the conclusion that if it was not the truth of the Bible, I could not see it otherwise, and if it sunk I was nailed to its fate. At the same moment I saw a fragment or ray of light down near the toe of my right shoe. I made an inexplicable mental effort to catch it, and bless God I did catch it instantly; it was light all about me, but that of the Sun of Righteousness was much the strongest. My confidence in God was stronger than before the darkness came on me. I looked to see what had become of my man during my loss of sight; he had walked about ten yards and he was now walking very crooked. I told him to come on, he was testing the agonies of the garden. At this word he fell as dead. I told him I thought so. I then looked for the woman, and just looked in time to see her fall. Never was there a more agonizing battle fought than this; but truly the day was

Methodism's. Our two dead folks, about whom we had had the awful conflict, after a struggle in prayer on the part of the victors, rose from the ground bearing testimony to that truth, which says Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man.

I hope the reader will pardon the following statement. Brother Robin Cooper, who was present at the above transaction told me, at the time I made the challenge, it so alarmed him and every body else around, that they had nearly sprang from their seats, and at one time I paused for a few seconds, (I suppose this the time of my blindness) my countenance turned dark and terrific and changed to an indescribable brightness, and my words seemed to come with the force of immortal thunder.

Shortly after this, we had a three day's meeting at Clopton's, on Fall creek. We had a hard struggle here. It seemed as if the wicked one had taken the ground. We prayed, we preached, we exhorted, all apparently to no effect. The meeting broke, without a convert. I hated to be whipped that way. On Thursday night I made another appointment. On Monday, brother A. Overall and brother John Rice went to our appointment. I was too unwell to go. I kept my bed, and on Tuesday, I had a high fever. As the boys returned on Tuesday morning, they had to pass by the cotton field of old brother Isaac Winson, where the servants were ploughing.—They concluded to light and talk to them about religion. They did so. The first one they came to dropped on his knees at his plough handles and commenced crying for mercy. They got on their knees and commenced praying for him. The rest of the servants came running and walking to them, and all got on their knees and commenced pray-

ng for religion. By this time they made so loud a noise that the old man heard them, and he came shouting glory to God, and joined them, for he had been praying for his servants for many years. The neighbors came to the cotton field prayer-meeting; the negroes all professed religion and several of the neighbors. After destroying a piece of the man's cotton, the negroes went leaping and shouting to their ploughs; the two young men returned dusty and muddy, and the rest went their way rejoicing. This made a good deal in favor of our night meeting. The cotton patch meeting spread far and wide. Tuesday night came on, and crowds came flocking in. I was sick in bed; they literally forced me out, and made me preach. It seemed that God had been at work, notwithstanding our apparent failure, on the previous Saturday and Sunday. Though I commenced preaching with a high fever, I soon found that my fever was gone; the power of God came down, and the whole congregation became so affected that they heaped themselves into piles of mourners through the entire assembly. By mid-night there were upwards of sixty converts. From that till day, along every path and road you could hear them. The poor mourners would get down on the road; their friends, who were young christians just converted, would stop and stay with and pray for them. I sat on the door steps and listened to them: every few minutes one would get relief and then what a shout! Oh it did seem like heaven had begun on earth. The day of eternity alone will tell the power of that night. The greater part of the congregation were Calvinistic sinners. One circumstance occurred that night, that I think I might relate.

A certain Mr. Smith had fallen near the middle of the house. Sister Elenor Clopton came to me

and told me she thought there was a man lying back there on the floor, and she thought he was going beside himself. I went to him, and never did my eyes behold such a scene. He was lying on his back; his countenance looked awful; his screams were more heart-rending than any I had ever heard; yet he uttered not a word. His shrieks were evidence of hopeless despair. I got down by him, I called him, he seemed not to hear me. I laid hold of him and pulled him up on his seat; he continued to utter the same melancholy notes, and seemed not to know that I had hold of him. I shook him and called him aloud; he still screamed on. I then shook him with all my might; at last he opened his eyes; never did I see such a look. I asked him what was the matter. Oh! said he, matter, matter enough. I asked him what it was. He said he was one of the lost. I asked what he meant by one of the lost. Oh, said he, I see I am one of the reprobates, all this time shrieking most horrifically. I asked him what he meant by reprobate; he said he had been raised to believe in the doctrine of election and reprobation, and he now saw that he was one of the reprobates; he saw he had no good in him; he felt the wrath of God kindling on him. He then cried wo! wo! lost! lost! Never did I hear those awful words sound so horrid. Here he screamed as if the infernal demons with their claws and talons were crushing his poor soul. I took him in my arms, I told him that doctrine was false, that the scripture said, Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man. He said he could not believe it. I told him he must believe it. He said he was too unholy to have any hope. I told him there was not a christian in that house but had as unholy feelings as he, before they professed religion; I had felt so, and there was room for

him in the wounds of Jesus. I told him to ask God for Christ's sake to have mercy on him. He said he could not say that name; he had no interest in it. I told him it was the only name in the universe that we had any interest in. I asked him to say Jesus; he said he could not say that name. I told him he must say it, or be damned in a solemn hell. I said try to say it; still he was unceasing in his awful shrieks. He tried to say it and about half said it. I told him to say it. He tried again and said it clearly. I then told him to ask God for Christ's sake to have mercy on him. He said he could not ask for mercy, God would break forth in vengeance on him. I told him there was no vengeance of God in Christ, for poor broken-hearted sinners like he was, and to make the venture, to ask mercy for his sake; that if he failed it was but hell at last. He here commenced trying to say it; after several attempts, he uttered it in part. Said so far as God in Christ. I then told him I would help him. I commenced saying, and I said it in earnest, for I never felt so much for a mourner. "God for Christ's sake have mercy." He then said it distinctly. I told him to keep saying it; he did so. I soon discovered he had lost me and his devilism. Oh what earnestness. I thought I had seen mourners struggle, but never did I see such struggling and slapping his hands together and crying with an energy that I cannot describe—"God for Christ's sake have mercy on me." Thank God, it was not ten minutes from the time that he uttered the sentence clearly, till he was free from the power of the devil. It did seem to me that he did not know what to do with himself, he was so glad that he had found delivering grace. He jumped, he shouted, he blessed God. This circumstance did Calvinism much harm in this place. The work went on gloriously.

We had a two day's meeting at brother Fisher's; on Saturday night, every sinner on the ground professed religion. Brother Harris asked me what they should do, for, said he, we have no timber to work upon. I told him to go out and call up the negroes; he walked into the entry and called them. Here they came and fell down all over the entry and commenced crying for mercy. There was a good work with them. At another two day's meeting, the following circumstance took place, which I think is worth recording. My health had got so bad and my voice so feeble, the doctors in Murfreesborough had told me I must quit speaking above breath. In order to keep their advice, I would tell the boys how to proceed, and I would walk off. This I did to keep from talking. I would go up every half hour and see how they came on. One evening, having told them how to proceed, I walked off. About one hour after the meeting should have been commenced, I thought I would go and see how they were progressing, and to my astonishment, I found the women who had children, sitting out of doors with their infants in their laps, a large congregation in the house, and ten on twelve large looking men standing before the door, and James Overall walking before the house between them and the door. When I got in a short distance I beckoned to him to come to me; he did so. I asked him what was the matter? he said, do you not see those men? I said yes; do you not see the clubs? They have been standing there some time, and they swear that the first one that opens his mouth, that they will beat him to death. Well I thought that the doctors' advice would have to stand aside for that time. So I walked right on for the door. They gave me a close look as I came up; my eyes gave them a strong determined answer. As I passed the right hand one,

for they were standing in Indian file, they followed me in a line into the house and to the desk with their clubs drawn. The front one stopped at the steps of the stand, as I walked into the pulpit. Having turned round in order to face them, I found they were all looking me in the face. Their countenances were any thing but pleasant. I told them from their looks, and what I had heard, that they intended battle; and if they did not flinch, we would have one, for I intended if they stood their ground to preach to them; and I commenced—"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and gave them a short sermon and commenced exhorting them to come to God. While I was reasoning with them on the folly of their course, the power of God came; the front one fell across the laps of Messrs. John and Abraham Overall. The second one fell his whole length the other way. The balance turned round and commenced walking out. I jumped over the two fallen ones and followed the retreating ones out of doors, exhorting them to yield to God and get religion. On their getting out of the house, I noticed that they never looked at each other, or spoke one word. Every one went his own way, looking straight before him. All was gloriously victorious, and outside, those females who had gone out with their infants had got happy and had laid their children on the green nimblewill, which stood thick all round the house, and were walking the yard with their faces shining with the Divine glory, shouting glory! glory! The two men in the house did not profess religion. After getting so they could walk, they went off, looking very solemn. There were seven professed religion that evening. Thus the work of God went on gloriously.

In a few days after this I was taken down sick and was at death's door for weeks. Here I left

the revival, and did but little for three long years. I suffered immensely.

I here insert a letter written by the Rev. Thomas L. Douglass, and published in the Methodist Magazine for 1821.

ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF GOD IN THE NASHVILLE DISTRICT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

Nashville District, Oct. 15th, 1820.

DEAR BRETHREN—

I would communicate the intelligence contained in the following letter to one of our Bishops, if I knew where a letter could reach him in safety, but as afflictions have prevented their contemplated route through this country, I take the privilege of making the communication to you, that you may, if you think proper, give it place in our Magazine, and by that means let the lovers of Jesus know what God is doing for us in Tennessee.

In the opening of last spring, we witnessed something more than an ordinary attention to the ministry of the word, especially in those parts of Nashville and Lebanon circuits, which lay adjoining. There were frequent awakenings and conversions in other parts of the district; but this seemed to be the point where the prospect of the work was the most promising. On Saturday the 24th of June, a Quarterly-Meeting commenced at Ross' Meeting house, Nashville circuit, Wilson county. The preachers from Lebanon circuit attended with us, together with many of the members from both circuits. They brought the fire with them. The meeting continued until Tuesday, and the Lord crowned it with seventeen converts. Thus far the work progressed, rather silently indeed, but very sweetly; and during one

quarter in Lebanon circuit, upwards of two hundred were added to the church, and about one hundred souls converted at the regular circuit appointments. The expectations of the people were up. Zion travailed. The. professors were sending their prayers to heaven, and the general attention of the people seemed to be turned toward our approaching camp-meeting, which commenced on Friday, July 14th, at Centre meeting house, in Wilson county. Thursday was a day of incessant rain, and the prospect seemed very unpromising; but on Friday morning, the material sun arose without a cloud to obstruct his cheering rays. All nature seemed to smile, and every thing was calculated to inspire the human mind, and call forth its energies in praise to God. The people began to collect very early, and came in crowds from every direction. The camp-ground had been considerably enlarged; but still we had to double the lines of the tents. Thirty-three preachers, and I think not less than five thousand people, attended this meeting.

Divine service commenced on Friday at 2 o'clock. After a sermon was delivered, the order of the meeting was published, and an invitation given to the mourners to come into the altar; about thirty came forward, and before sun-set, four of them professed conversion. At candle light we had another sermon, the mourners were again invited into the altar, about fifty were supposed to be on their knees when we engaged in prayer for them, and before next morning, nine of them found the blessing. On Saturday morning at sun-rise a sermon was delivered, and the altar was nearly filled with mourners. We had preaching at eight, eleven and three o'clock, but the work was too great to admit of preaching at candle-light; we had the trumpet blown according to

the order of the meeting, for the purpose of having a sermon delivered, but just at that moment. two or three struggled into liberty and rose praising God, while several others sunk under the power of conviction. We saw it was impossible for the people to hear preaching, so we declined it. and consented that God should work his own way. and thirty-one souls professed to find peace with God during the day and night. On Sabbath we had preaching at sun rise, at eight, ten, and eleven o'clock. The work was great. Jehovah was in the Camp. We did not attempt to preach in the afternoon, or at night. The convictions and conversions were almost perpetual; and on Monday morning it was estimated there were eighty-six souls who professed to get converted through the preceding day and night. At seven o'clock on Monday morning, the ordinance of baptism was administered to seven adults, and twenty-five children; a divine power rested upon us, and the Lord was present to sanction the ordinance in which we are called by his name. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was then administered to several hundred communicants. It was a time of sweet communion with each other, and with our Lord. We closed the administration of the ordinance with a sermon about twelve o'clock, after which there was no more preaching through the afternoon or night. On Tuesday morning at eight o'clock, a sermon was delivered, and about twelve o'clock the meeting ended. Through Monday, Monday night, and Tuesday, until the close of the meeting, fifty-eight professed to find the Lord.—About forty mourners were on their knees. when the congregation was dismissed: fourteen of whom obtained the blessing, some on the ground, and others on their way home: making in all two hundred and two, who professed faith in the Lord Je-

sus. On Tuesday morning we opened a door for the admission of members, and one hundred and eleven joined the Church, sixty of whom were young men.

I do not remember that I ever saw more agreeable weather for a meeting in my life, and such was the continual and glorious display of divine power, that the altar was never empty of mourners from the time they were first invited into it, until the meeting ended, except when they were carried out, that we might administer the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper; neither did the people all leave the stage, day or night, from the beginning to the end of the meeting. The cries and groans for mercy among the distressed were perpetual; the shouts of the young converts and old professors were almost without intermission; and such a sense of the Divine presence prevailed, that it seemed to impose a solemn awe upon the people as they entered the encampment, so that we had no interruption, nor a single instance of misbehaviour worth noticing during the meeting. An aged sinner was heard to say, "He had never seen the like before,—God had sanctified the ground, and none could walk upon it without feeling awful." No opposition, nor a single remark was heard against the reality of the work. Some who had once been opposers of religion, acknowledged they believed this work to be genuine. When the congregation was addressed on Tuesday, a request was made that all, not only those who had obtained religion, but those also who intended to seek it in good earnest, should get on their knees and join in prayer; and it was remarked that there was not an individual present who did not instantly drop on his knees. This was followed by a general cry for mercy throughout the congregation. We could no longer get the mourners into the al-

tar—it was altar all over the camp-ground. When the meeting was drawing to a close, a young man who had obtained religion, stood up on one of the seats, and looking over the congregation, exclaimed, "O Lord, must I go home and leave these people, and leave this place!" This was repeated three times, with an emphasis that seemed to penetrate every heart, as though it was the language of each individual present.

I have been a little more particular in giving an exact account of this meeting, because it is considered as being the commencement of the greatest work that ever was seen in the western country. The holy afflatus was felt like an electrical shock, in the surrounding counties, and its influence experienced, more than one hundred miles in less than a week. The Rev. Edward Morris, John McGee, John Page, and Charles Ledbetter, who have been instruments in planting the gospel in different parts of the United States, and are known by many of the old Methodists, were at this meeting, and pronounced it to be the greatest time they had ever seen.

Our camp-meeting for Cany Fork circuit commenced on Friday, July 21st, at Goodhope in Warren county. This, upon the whole, was a great and good time. The country is but thinly inhabited, and our congregation was comparatively small, though larger than usual at that place. We had sixty-eight converts, and thirty-one joined society. Another camp-meeting was held at the same time, near Shelbyville, by the Presbyterians and Methodists jointly. This was the time of the Anniversary of their "Bible Society." The Lord favored them with his presence, and about seventy professed faith in Christ, among whom were some of the students belonging to the Academy.

We have had a gracious work in Duck river circuit. The quarterly-meeting, June 10th, at the Big Spring meeting house, in Maury county, was turned into a little camp-meeting. It was a new place, and but few people attended; however the Lord was with us, and gave us twenty-six converts. Our regular camp-meeting for this circuit commenced on Friday, July 28th, at Zion, in Maury county, and ended on Tuesday following. Here we had to contend with all the prejudices which Calvinism and Anti-pedobaptism are calculated to generate against the work of God; but our exertions were in proportion, and the Lord gave us eighty-two converts, and sixty-four joined the church. I baptised twenty-seven children and sixteen adults, and administered the Lord's Supper to upwards of four hundred communicants.

Our camp-meeting for Bedford circuit began on Thursday, August 3d, at Salem, in Bedford county, and ended the Tuesday following. This was among the greatest meetings I ever saw. The work commenced with the commencement of the meeting, and continued without intermission day and night. On Saturday afternoon we had to fix a second stand, in another part of the camp-ground, it being impossible to preach at the stage already built, when the mourners were collected in the altar. On Sabbath morning at eight o'clock we had a sermon delivered at the lower stage, after which it was absolutely impossible to preach within the limits of the encampment any more that day; such were the cries of the distressed, and shouts of the young converts, nothing else could be heard. It was therefore reported to the people, we would preach in a grove about three hundred yards distant; one of the pulpits being moveable, was taken up and carried to the place, and the people not engaged in the encampment attended. Here

we preached at eleven, and three o'clock; and here the arrows of conviction fastened in the hearts of many sinners, and when wounded they would immediately fly to the camp-ground, as to a grand hospital, for there God was healing sin-sick souls, and bringing the dead to life. On Monday morning I baptised thirty-one children and twenty adults, and administered the Lord's Supper to four hundred communicants. Two hundred and fifty-one professed to be converted at this meeting, and one hundred and forty-eight joined society. One of the sons of Belial came to this meeting, and fixed his tent at a convenient distance from the encampment, where he intended to enjoy himself, with his wicked companions; but as he did not come until Friday, some of them came before him, and got religion, and as others came they were struck under conviction, and left him, until, he said, he had lost even his class-leader. On Saturday evening about half an hour after the candles were lighted up, he came walking down through the camp-ground, and stopped near where I happened to be standing; at that moment the work was going on most gloriously at both stages, and in at least twenty tents; and after turning and looking all round for some moments, "Well, said he, if this is not enough to fret hell, I'll be d****d;" he was by himself, we pitied him but did nothing with him, as we saw he could do us no harm.

An extra camp-meeting was held in Lebanon circuit, at Ebenezer, in Wilson county, commencing August 18th, and ended the Tuesday following. This is a place where camp-meetings have been held for many years; but this meeting exceeded all the rest, the people came praying and believing and God was with them. One hundred and eighty-two professed to be converted, and

one hundred and twenty-five joined society. The Rev. Valentine Cook attended this meeting, and preached on the subject of baptism with uncommon power and great usefulness. The sermon was much blest to the people.

The camp-meeting for Richland circuit commenced August 25th, at Pisgah, in Giles county, and ended the Tuesday following. This is a place which God has highly honored with signal displays of his power on former occasions. The people came out expecting to see gracious times, and they were not disappointed. The Lord gave us seventy-two converts, and sixty-five joined society.

The camp-meeting for Nashville circuit commenced September 8th, at Mount Nebo, in Williamson county, and ended the Tuesday following. Here we had to contend with strong prejudices against Methodism, nevertheless, God was with us; the work of conviction was general, and deep in the hearts of the people, and we had some of the most distinguished and bright conversions I ever saw. According to the returns made, ninety-two* professed to be converted, and ninety-six joined society.

Our camp-meeting for Stone's river circuit commenced on Thursday, September 21st, at Windrow's meeting house, in Rutherford county, and ended the Tuesday following. Here, I may say, the faith of the Christians rose to its proper point, and became the full persuasion of the truth of God's promise, and the confident expectation that

*It is evident, there must have been some neglect or mistake in this instance, as the number of converts appear to be less than the number added to the church. Our method of ascertaining the number of converts at our camp-meetings, is, two men are appointed to go round the tents every morning to make particular inquiry at each tent, and set down the number converted through the preceding day and night.

He would be with us. Many of the young converts from the other camp-meeting attended, and numbers under conviction, came for the express purpose of getting their souls converted. The camp-ground was enlarged to twice its former size, and yet fully one-third of the tents were outside of the lines. Two stages were erected and seats made for the accommodation of two congregations, within the lines of the encampment, and another some distance on the outside. Although Thursday and Friday were days of almost incessant rain, the people appeared to be entirely regardless of it; they came in their carriages, fized their tents, and collected round the stage to hear preaching with as much attention as if there was no rain falling. The time was glorious beyond description! It is impossible for me to give an account of particulars. Three hundred and fifty professed conversion, and two hundred and two joined society. On Monday morning I baptized twenty-five children and fifty-six adults, and administered the Lord's Supper to nearly six hundred communicants. Murfreesborough, the county town, and at present the seat of Government in this state, shared largely in the benefits of this meeting. We have raised a society there of more than forty members, and the prospect of an increase is very promising.

On comparing the numbers returned at conference, with the former numbers, I find we have a nett increase of eighteen hundred and twenty members in the district; and in order to have a correct idea of the work, it must be recollected that besides the deaths and expulsions, at least five hundred members have emigrated from this district, to Missouri, Alabama, and Jackson's purchase over Tennessee river, in the course of the past year.

The character of this revival is the least mixed with what is called irregularities or extravagances of any that I ever saw. We have had nothing of what is called the jerks or dance among us. The work of conviction in the hearts of sinners has been regular, powerful, and deep; their conversion or deliverance from sin and guilt, clear and bright, and their rejoicings scriptural and rational. I think fully half of those who have been the subjects of the work are young men, and heads of families; many of them, among the most respectable in the country, men of education, men of talents. We anticipate help and usefulness from some of them, in the Lord's vineyard. Upon the whole, it is the greatest work, the most blessed revival, I ever saw. The whole country in some places, seems like bowing to our Emanuel; religion meets with very little that can be called opposition; and many who neither profess, nor appear to have any desire to get religion themselves, manifest an uncommon degree of solicitude that others should obtain it, and express a high satisfaction at seeing the work prosper. May the Lord continue to pour out his spirit, and may the hallowed fire spread until all the inhabitants of the earth shall rejoice in his salvation. To God be all the glory. Pray for us, dear brethren, that this year may be as the past, and much more abundantly. We look for it, and expect it. The district is well supplied with preachers, men of talents, men of zeal, and in the spirit of the work.—May the Lord bless their labors.

I remain as ever,

Your very sincere

Brother in Christ,

T. L. DOUGLASS.

CHAPTER III.

Experience as a Preacher—Peculiar Temptations—Anecdotes and Incidents.

I will now tell the reader something of my experience as a preacher. In a few weeks after I started to travel, the enemy tempted me to believe that I had never been called to preach. This temptation, with an increased feeling of the same nature, followed me for weeks, both growing stronger and stronger, till on one evening as I was traveling along an Indian trail, down one of the branches of Blue Water, in deep anguish of soul. I admitted the point. Oh the darkness and horror of that moment. The heavens grew dark, the wild wilderness became gloomy, the whole forest seemed to mourn that I had been so blasphemous a fool. My heart seemed as though it would break. To go on under such circumstances would not do; to turn back and go home I could not; I chose anguish rather than life. Well, what was to be done? for something had to be done. The tempter then suggested, runaway where you will never be heard of by your friends; but this would not mend the matter, for it seemed to say that I had thus presumptuously acted. I then commenced reasoning closely on the matter; though I had admitted the temptation to be true, I had not decidedly done so; finally I came to the conclusion, however my life stood behind me, the balance of my days on earth, if I went to hell in the end, let me feel as I might, should be spent in warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come: and if I

could influence one by my own wretched state to come to God, the thought of such a one even in hell, (for I expected to go there) would give me comfort. And on I would go, and I would do the devil and his cause all the harm I could. Here, bless God, though in a dark woful wilderness, it seemed like the heavens opened on me; it almost seemed like glory growed in the wilderness. Oh how I thanked the Lord, for I thought of that scripture, "Blessed is he that endureth temptation."

In 1819, the devil tricked me in another way. I was holding a two day's meeting at brother Wood's on Sinking creek. During this meeting a brother met me from the next society before me, and told me of the death of one of our best members in that society, and I was requested to preach her funeral, on Tuesday next, which was my regular day at that place. On Monday, as it was rest day at that time, I thought as she had been a woman and Christian of uncommon fame, and as there would be a great many people there out of repect to her, that I would try and study out a great sermon, and do her much honor, and the cause a great good. I selected for my subject—"Salvation by Faith." All day on Monday I prayed, I read, and by night I thought I had a clear view of the matter. I went to bed at night in high spirits. But, alas! when I awoke next morning, in my feelings, I waked a perfect Atheist.—Never in my life, had I felt the least doubt of the existence of God, till now. The feeling was overwhelming; my heart was as hard as a rock, and I felt that there was no God. But all the time my reason and my judgment said there was a God.—I cannot describe the conflict. I thought I would have given worlds if I could have a heart to cry or feel sorrowful for the wretched fix I was in. But I had no feeling for myself nor any one else.

I started to the appointment, but struggling all the while with this wretched influence. Presently I got in sight of the meeting house. The whole woods was covered with horses. To preach, I could not. I dismounted and went and tried to pray, but my words fell to the ground. I got up and concluded I would go to the house and sing and pray, and I would tell the congregation that God had left me and I was in deep trial, and I could not preach the funeral at that time; and then I thought I would dismiss them. On I went into the house. Oh how badly I felt. I gave out my hymn and tried to pray, but it seemed to me that my words pressed my lips as they came out of my mouth to get to fall to the ground. Oh my soul was in deep anguish. I rose from my kees in order to dismiss the congregation. But just as I went to open my mouth to do so, these words came into my mind—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c. and with them came a ray of light. I instantly caught it, and commenced preaching according to the degree of light I had; the light kept increasing till it hid the congregation from me. It seemed to me that the thickest darkness rested between me and them, while about three feet above my head there appeared to be an orb of light from which there poured a stream of light though in distinct sparks; these sparks were ideas on the meaning of the text. It seemed to me I had nothing to do but to speak; they came one at a time, a small distance apart, in swift succession. After some time, all of a sudden, the darkness between me and the congregation disappeared and they came to view—I never can tell how they looked—all was melted down—as regarded their natural strength, they were powerless; bathed in tears and sobbing the heaviest sobs that I ever heard. Presently, the whole congregation bursted into shouts

of glory and loud cries for mercy, so that I could not hear myself talk. Of course I stopped. Now the impression came to me, you have preached as great a sermon as Wesley or Whitefield ever did; now, just look at the congregation, you see the christians are all happy and the sinners are all slain of the Lord, and you know that it is no harm to believe the truth. I admitted in the moment, this prepared temptation, and in an instant, my light all left me, and it seemed that the terrors of hell got hold on me. In less than ten minutes the work all died out. Now the impression came like peals of thunder to my conscience, when the Lord comes and works a good work, you and the devil destroy it. All yesterday you labored the livelong day to get a big sermon ready that you might do some big thing, and have the people saying you are a great preacher; this morning, God let you see that when left to yourself that you were an Atheist; now, when the Lord has come and done this great work, you have gone and said it was yourself. What confidence can God have in such a wretch as you are? Now, walk out of the stand and go home and be not so presumptuous as to show yourself in the pulpit again. Oh I felt that I could even wish myself doomed to perdition a thousand times over. I got up to dismiss my dry, dead congregation, for it had got as dry and dead to all appearance to me, as if though there were no grace of God in the Universe. I dismissed the ill-treated people and got away as fast as I could. As I passed them, I could hear them say, Did ever you hear the like of that? What a sermon that was! I thought they were miserable fools. I went out into the woods, I tried to pray to God not to let the good he had done that day be lost on my account. Ah! how I hated and abhorred myself. I thought I ought to be damned. Why did he not

curse me into the lowest hell? It was three months before I got clear of the darkness.

I will now tell the reader the circumstance that first gave me relief from the dreadful difficulty. In about ten weeks our camp-meeting came on. On the first night of the meeting, after preaching by Joshua Kilpatrick, I discovered an unusual number of young people in the congregation, all happy and shouting happy; I thought I would go in among them, (for they seemed to be strangers to me) and see what it meant. On entering the crowd they met me giving me their glad hands and their faces shining like a reflecting glass with the divinity. They kept saying, Brother I did not have religion when I saw you. At first I thought nothing of it; but they repeated it, and as I was pressing into the midst of the happy company and all around me they continued saying the same thing. It looked strange to me that they should all say the same words. At last I asked them what they meant; said I, where did you see me? All with one accord said, why don't you remember the funeral that you preached at Bowman's Chapel. there God convicted me, and since that time he has pardoned my sins. I thought I should sink down where I stood. All the time about two miles from the chapel, between the funeral and camp-meeting in the neighborhood of old brother John Simms, (a Presbyterian) on Duck river, I had heard of a tremendous work. It was out of my circuit. There God had taken his work and had carried it on without me, and had given me to see he did not need such a wretch as I was; and had given me a severe chastisement, and time to reflect on my folly. After a while I got out and sat down and wept and humbled myself before God. We had a glorious meeting, truly; as far as I was concerned, I felt all the glory and praise were due to God. In

1820, I had another severe trial which lasted three months. My temptation then was of a two fold character; first, that I had never been converted: not that I had not had a work of grace on my heart, but I did not admit it to be conversion. Here the enemy had the advantage of me, because it did not come in that powerful manner that I looked for it to come. The second impression was that I had never been called to preach. It was true, I felt a deep heart-felt desire for the salvation of sinners, but all christians felt this.

These impressions were so strong that they seemed to overwhelm me with a darkness and force so strong, that at length I doubted not they were true. But I determined to keep my Blue Watre promise and preach while I lived, let me feel as I might. I was determined to be honest in it and tell the people nothing but God's word. This determination I had kept through my temptation, and I had come to the determination that I never would strike my flag. As our Quarterly meeting was coming on, I had concluded to lay my case before the brethren there, and get their prayers and advice. All the time I was in this deep struggle, there was tremendous power attended the church, and sinners were convicted daily. I was astonished at this, but I thought the church was praying and God had answered her prayers. It was not my preaching that he blessed, I had no comfort day or night. It had been my course for sometime to read my Bible on my knees, so I continued still to do. On Sunday morning, in time of lovefeast, as I was doorkeeper, after the presiding elder had told me to close the door till lovefeast was over, I sat down on the floor to think over my mournful case. After several had spoken, I rose up to lay my case before the brethren, and beg an interest in all their prayers. As I opened my mouth to do so, God caused

his goodness to pass before me with such strong light that I saw as clear as daylight where the enemy had me all the time. Instead of telling what I got up to tell, I commenced to tell how the devil had tried to destroy me, and the present displays of his delivering grace in the opening glories that were passing before me. While I was relating these glorious scenes of delivering power, it seemed like a divine glory filled the house. Sinners commenced crying for mercy in and outside the house, christians shouted aloud, twenty or thirty got religion that morning. The Rev. John McGee was in the house; he rose from his seat shouting, all bathed in tears, and came walking up towards me, clapping his hands with all his force, shining and reflecting the beams of the divinity within him. Indeed this was his word when he got happy, "*Divinity!* DIVINITY!!" He took me in his arms and hugged me and blessed me and said to me, my young brother, these are the trials and difficulties and glories of a faithful Methodist preacher. The devil, said he, loves to hate and torment him, for he knows that he is giving him heavy blows. Go on, my brother, God will be with you. however he may suffer you to be tried, he will make you an instrument in his hands in tearing down the ramparts of the devil's kingdom. He then commenced exhorting the congregation, till the power of God seemed to sweep every one into its wide channel. I hope the reader will not think it presumption in me if I tell him I think these trials were fitting me out under God for the great work that was commencing. I found I came forth from every such conflict, with stronger faith, and greater power seemed to attend my feeble efforts. When I first commenced preaching, I thought if I felt for sinners and the church and preached the truth, that it would do, but I found that sinners would set and

look at me all the time and feel no concern whatever. I thought strange of this; I began to see I needed a higher character, a confidence in God that would be with his word and make it the power of God to them that heard it. I sought it day after day, night after night, and I thank God I did not seek in vain. God gave me that confidence, and I felt sure if a sinner came to preaching, that God would make him feel the truth in its convicting character, and so he did. But I never could have faith that they would yield to that conviction and get religion; but that God would make them feel, I felt fully persuaded, and so it was. The Rev. Philip Bruce, at one time, attended a three days' meeting which I had appointed. On Sunday, after he had addressed the congregation, he called on me to conclude. In my exhortation, the whole congregation seemed so struck with the power of God as to make the assembly feel awful. It had been the same way on Saturday after his sermon, for his sermons were always powerful. On Monday morning, I called on him; while in conversation about the meeting and the awful conviction of both days, he observed to me: Brother, a few more such exhortations will fix those sinners forever. It scared me; I said, Father Bruce, what shall I do; that I should send men to hell by preaching to them, seemed awful to me. Oh brother, said he, it takes that kind of preaching to save men, and if they abuse it, that is their lookout, we have done our duty and not before; said he, John I feel attached to you, I have never met with a Methodist preacher who was exercised as I was, in the great revival in Virginia where, said he, I broke my constitution, till I met with you here.

In 1819, when I went to Lebanon circuit, although it was one of the oldest circuits on the south side of Cumberland river, and there had been an

annual conference held in its bounds, some years before, at Bethlehem meeting-house; and although the circuit extended from Biles's, three miles below Pond Lick to the Ridge, due east, that divided the East prong of Stone's river, thence up the western side of the Ridge, taking in all the heads and streams of Smith's Fork to its junction with the Caney Fork, down the Caney Fork to the Cumberland, down the Cumberland to the Rev. Mr. Allgood's, a few miles below the Rev. John Page's, here leaving the Cumberland and running through different settlements to the beginning; having 28 appointments of several years standing, there were but ten meeting houses in the circuit, and not one of them suitable for winter use except one, and that had no stove or chimney; the rest were all log cabins not daubed, having no fire-places nor nothing more than a stick and mud chimney, and some had not even these. In the winter we held our meetings in the dwelling houses of our friends. In Elk circuit, notwithstanding its immense size and having twenty-eight appointments in it, it had but five meeting-houses, and they had neither stoves nor chimneys. Duck river circuit, in 1818 had but one, Pruit's Lick, if there was any other I do not recollect it. It had at least twenty-seven appointments; taking in all the country from the mouth of Cathey's creek on the south side of Duck river to the head of said creek in the Elk Ridge: thence taking in its winding up said Ridge the entire settlements of the Bigby's, Fountain and Rock creeks to the Fishing Ford road, where it breaks through the Ridge; thence north to the Fishing Ford on Duck river, crossing on north to the Ridge that divides the Harpeths from the creeks that run into Duck river; down between the Ridge and Duck river to the head of Leiper's Lick creek: down that to Duck river at Williamsport; thence

to the beginning. As I never was all round Richland circuit previous to 1818, I cannot give its boundaries; but I can say, that it took in all the country that is washed by the following creeks, and their tributaries: Richland, Buchanan, Indian, Bradshaw and Swan; I think it had its full number of appointments as a four weeks circuit; it had but few meeting-houses, I recollect but one, that was fit for winter use, if that one was. In 1821, Stone's river circuit was bounded as follows: commencing six miles below old Jefferson, it ran up Stone's river to the mouth of Cripple creek, then crossing the river taking in all the country on the north side of said river from where the Murfreesboro' turnpike now crosses said river; thence as the pike runs towards Lebanon to Fall creek, up said creek to its head; and thence to Bradley's creek, down that and then re-crossing Stone's river at Cripple creek; thence south to the head of Fall creek, in Bedford county; down that to Duck river, down that river to the mouth of the North Fork; thence north to the beginning; having twenty-eight appointments and eleven meeting-houses and not one fit for winter use.

In 1820, I met with the following circumstance in the Lebanon circuit, which I think worth relating. Before I got round the circuit, I heard the brethren expressing themselves in the following manner with deep concern. There was a certain old brother, who had been one of the first Methodists that had settled in the country. He was a hard working man, both in nature and in grace—he was a kind of an exhorter. In the first settling of the country, he would work hard all day, and then he would walk from three to ten miles at night and hold prayer meetings in the different neighborhoods. For years he went on in this way till he got rich in the things of this world. Faithful

to his church meetings, it was hard to tell which he had the greatest zeal for—the riches of this world or the salvation of souls, for he worked with all his might for both, and seemed equally anxious to take care of both. All his brethren throughout the circuit who knew him, thought he was worldly minded. When he was examined in class, he was but seldom clear of doubts, and often in total darkness. In this way, he went on, up to the time he was taken sick, which was about five years previous to my going to the circuit. From the time of his sickness, the best medical aid had been called in, but none of the physicians could tell what ailed him. He kept his bed almost continually, and at all times seemed to suffer extremely; he eat but little, and that little injured him so, that he told his wife he thought he would eat no more. He wasted away to a mere skeleton. Preaching was kept in his house from the time the first preachers had come to the country. After he was taken sick, when talked to or examined in class he was without hope or comfort. It was hard to tell which preyed on him the most, the mysterious disease of his body, or the despair of his mind. When I got to my appointment, there he lay, looking like a frightful corpse. After preaching, in class-meeting, when I came to him, I cannot tell the reader how I felt, after having heard all I had about him. His head was as white as wool, his face was the expression of inward horror. I told him I hoped in his afflicted state, he had the consolations of religion. He said, no, he had no hope nor comfort. I asked him if he felt guilty before God for any crime or set of crimes as the cause of his distressed condition. He said no, but supposed he had done wrong. Thus he continued, till sometime in August. As I was going to my appointment at his house, just before I got there, I was told he was

dying; never did I dread so much to go to a house; but, in company with brother Jacob Hearn, I went on. Stepping into the house, I saw he was dying; I felt as though I could not go to him, but brother Hearn had more courage than I—he went to the head of his bed where his head lay on a low trunnel and kneeled down and said, Father Lancaster, you are dying, are you yet in the dark? He said no, the clouds and darkness are all gone. He then, in his feeble way, commenced saying, Glory! Glory! and in a short time died. I asked his wife when he got relief; she said, he told her that morning, that he had given up the mills, and negroes, and plantation, and as soon as he had done that, he got happy.

I will here relate another circumstance that took place that year. As I was sitting one evening after meeting, the lady of the house, in tears, walked up to me and handed me a letter that she had been reading; the letter was from her sister, living in another State. After passing over the form necessary to an introduction, she went on as follows: "My three oldest daughters professed religion some years ago and still are faithful to the grace given; but poor —— (here calling her name,) seemed for sometime more fond of frolicks and dances than she did of religion and religious people.—About three years ago, she became serious and joined the church, took off her finery and professed religion. I now felt satisfied, my children had all professed religion and were walking upright before God; but," said she, "after about twelve or eighteen months, poor —— (here calling her name again,) seemed to get cold and to be more disposed to keep company with her former associates. She commenced putting on her finery again; and to her frolicks she went. Some time after, she was taken sick, the fever proved fatal, and when she was dy-

ing she called her mother to her, and told her to take her by the hand and hold it till she was dead, and then hold it—and then while she held her clay cold hand, know that her poor soul was screaming in hell, and then pointing to her fine clothes with the other hand, said to her mother, there hangs the price of my poor soul, and then fetching a shriek—she died."

In 1821, the following circumstance took place: two gentlemen who had followed negro trading to the lower country, came on by one of our societies with their drove, on their way south; they made a short stay in the neighborhood. A tremendous work was going on at the meeting-house; one of the gentlemen concluded that he would go down and take a look at it—he did so. In a short time he returned to his friend and told him if he was a mind to go on with the negroes, he might do so. he did not intend to go on another step till the difficulty between him and his Maker was settled, if it could be settled. His friend reasoned with him and tried to persuade him to let it alone till they returned. He said no, he could do as he pleased. as for his part he intended to go back to the church and get religion. At this he turned round and started back; his friend called to him and asked him what he should do with the negroes. He said that was no time to talk about what was to be done with negroes. On he went and throwed himself down at the mourner's bench and commenced praying for mercy. In a short time, here came his friend with all the negroes and joined him. They both professed religion—the first one soon became a preacher, and in two or three years after died happy in the work—the other lived about sixteen years in the church and died in peace.

In 1820, the following circumstances occurred: during the revival a young man of fine character

went to one of our night meetings; he was studying medicine and preparing to make a doctor.—During preaching he crawled into the chimney, behind some bushes that had been set up before the fire place. When the preacher commenced calling for mourners, he commenced saying, though in a low tone of voice, "I wont go, I wont go, I wont go!" at the same time commenced getting up, still saying "I wont go;" presently his head showed itself from behind the bushes, still saying, "I wont go, I wont go." Out he came and straightened himself, fixing his eyes on the preacher, raising his right hand to his head and commenced rubbing it. He cried louder, "*I wont go!*" he then stept one step and then step after step, still saying "I wont go," till he got to the preacher, and raising both his hands one over each shoulder, exclaiming as loud as he could cry, "I wont go," then dropping to his knees he began to pray. In a short time he professed religion, and became a very useful man.

Another circumstance took place at one of our night meetings. I had opened the door to join members into society; no one coming forward, I thought there was none, and was about to dismiss the congregation, when a little girl about five years old came forward and gave me her hand, saying, "Sir, I wish to join you and become a member of the church, I want to get to Heaven." She then turned round and looked at her father and mother and sisters, and then she walked back and took her seat. It was an affecting time. The family was of high character and wealthy, but not religious. The old gentleman rose up and came to me trembling, and said, "Sir, I want you to come to my house in the morning." As he lived in sight, I told him I would come. I went; he very politely met me at the door, and having taken a seat, with a degree of agitation he said: "Sir,

though I am no enemy to religion and wish my family all to get to Heaven; yet, I wish to say to you, not to put the little girl's name down on the class paper, she is too little, sir, she does not know what she is doing." At this, the child rose up and said: "Papa, let brother Brooks put it down; I want to get to Heaven, papa." Here he commenced, and all the rest, crying. The child stopped and seemed pleased. I then told him that I would do what they desired in the case, but I thought her name would do no harm on the paper. They agreed to let it stay a while. The child commenced exhorting her brothers and sisters to get religion. She continued day after day in this way.—They would shove her away rather roughly,saying, "Go away, you don't know what you are talking about." She would step off a little distance and turn round and say to her brother or sister, as the case might be, Brother, did I not talk kind to you, why do you shove me away? They would commence reasoning with her, and she would go back to them with tears in her eyes, till she would get to leaning in their laps, and looking them in the face, she would commence telling them to get religion. Thus she continued day after day till the whole family who were at home, embraced religion and joined with her in the same society. Thus by the mouths of babes and sucklings, God worked.

The following circumstance, among hundreds, which occurred this year, I will relate. A young man of good character, after his conversion, returned home, immediately sent for all his young associates to meet him at a certain place. They met. He told them what God had done for him, and then commenced exhorting them to seek religion, at the same time going to each one, kneeling down and taking him in his arms crying, shouting, and exhorting all the time. The result was, all

were deeply convicted, and I think all professed religion. Dr. Robinson, of Huntsville, Ala., now a Methodist preacher in high standing, was one of the converts of that day. The young man that held the meeting became a useful minister and traveled for many years with great success. He is yet living and his ministry is yet useful. It was astonishing to stand, witnessing the power that the young converts had in prayer for the mourners of that day. I have often stood and looked at them thus engaged; their countenances and words showed that they expected every moment God to answer their prayers. And it was exceedingly seldom that they ceased praying till God did answer their prayers. After rejoicing a little while with the new creature in Christ Jesus, they would go, with their happy countenances all bathed in tears, to another and commence pouring out their full souls in prayer to God, till he would convert the object of their payers, for days and nights at a time, with very little intermission or rest, till the meeting was closed. They would get hoarse but never sick; I do not recollect in my long ministerial life to have known one such laborer, male or female, to get dangerously sick from such toils and exposure, however tender they had been raised. Neither do I recollect a single mourner, notwithstanding he would lie on the ground for hours and exposed to the open air, at camp-meeting or elsewhere, (for it was no uncommon thing to have to hold our common meetings, for want of room, day and night, under the shades of the trees) to get dangerously sick. Indeed, I do not recollect one that got sick at all. It was the common talk and astonishment of all, that they did not injure their health. I have known young ladies of wealthy parentage, who never did any hard work at home, such as washing, cooking, carding, spinning and weaving, labor day

and night as I have above stated, and then go home as happy as angels. Although sometimes so hoarse, that they could only whisper—their parents were certain they would take sick. After a day or two of rest and sleep, all was well, and the happy girls ready and anxious for another such meeting. Such young ladies did good work for the Lord, among those young men of their own rank in the things of this world. I have frequently stood and looked at them, and have been astonished to see what a changed set of beings, the meek spirit of the Lamb of God could make them. Before their conversion—though their tender fair skin and beautiful features and elegant figures made them lovely, yet their haughty contempt of poor girls, and the scornful way they had of thinking it a shame or letting down of their character to associate with them, because they were poor and had to work, and whose poverty had caused them to be raised without the accomplishments their associates should have; but after their conversion, their ruffles, rings, and vanity were all gone, with all such distinctions in their conduct. They now had their fair skin and beautiful features and elegant figures graced off with a meek and quiet spirit. I have often seen them walking through the camp-ground with the beautiful folds of their long neat hair hanging down their shoulders, shouting and clapping their hands—all at once come to a poor negro girl on the ground agonising in prayer with God for religion—they would instantly drop on their knees and commence praying for her, regardless of what they kneeled on—they looked heavenly. I recollect when Lucy Burriss got religion at old Salem camp-ground, near Nashville; she was very pretty and highly accomplished, and one of the wealthiest girls in the State; she was sister to the first wife of his Excellency, A. V. Brown. In

time of her struggle there were several haughty young gentlemen standing looking at her. When God spoke peace to her soul, her countenance looked more like a seraph's than a human's. I took her by the arms and lifted her up, turning her face towards them, for I wanted them to see the glory of her countenance. As soon as they saw her, they turned pale, then looked to the ground and sunk down and commenced weeping, resting themselves on their canes. I wish I could see such times again among the gay ones of this world.—How much better would it be for them to be thus laboring to bring each other to God, than to spend their time, blood-bought as it is, in idleness, gossiping, gallantry, and etiquette, reading novels, whiling away life as though it was made for nothing else but such amusements. Oh that God would give such to see and feel that the rich man is to fade away in his glory, and die as the mule, and that he makes one common dust with the vilest reptiles of earth. What has man to be proud of, but what he would abhor with loathing, would he but look at its end? What a folly to make a sport and frolick in abusing the blood-bought means of life to make our way to hell! Will the rich ones of earth boast on in their folly, and never be wise to know their latter end?

In 1818, I understood there was an aged man living on the Cumberland river, that had been cast away by his mother when an infant. He had been found by the gentleman near whose house he had been left. Inquiry was made for his parents, but they were never found. The landlord had the child bound to him. In the course of time he became very rich. I thought I wanted to see him and get his history, from absolute poverty in all its grades, to absolute wealth, and know from himself at what period he was the happiest man. I set

out for his house in November, between sunset and dark one evening; I got there after supper. I told him who I was, I had started out to do man all the good I could. I wanted to know the history of human life in all its changes, that I might be the better prepared to do good. He commended my desire and said that was important knowledge in a man's history in order to be useful. I then asked him to give me, if he pleased, his special history, from beginning to end. After pausing a little, I told him I would never tell his name. He said he would do so, and he commenced as follows: "Sir," said he, "I never knew my parents; I have been told that I was left near a gentleman's house, who found me and had me bound to him. I lived with him till I was nearly free, he was very cruel to me. I one day thought I would run away and leave him. I did so, he never heard of me till I was free. I went to a rich man and told him I wanted to work with him for my victuals and clothes, for I was nearly naked. He looked at me like I was a trifling scamp, and said he did not know me, and said there were a great many these days that were not worth their victuals and clothes. I told him I knew I was a stranger and poor, and if I could not get work for something to eat, I, of course, must perish, for I felt I could not steal. I told him I did not ask him for a bed to lie on, I only asked him to let me work for my victuals and clothes. After looking at me for some time he pointed towards a negro that was at work and said to me, I could go and work with that negro. So I went and commenced working; sir, continued he to me, my desire from the time I left my master, was to find some rich farmer, and commence with him for my victuals and clothes, until I could make him feel my worth, for I wanted to live by my own labor and have a good character, so that I might

have no fears about my support and character. At night I went to the fine house in my rags. I sat down in the piaza; after a while a servant came and told me to come to supper; I found the family had eat and left the table. I sat down and ate. After I was done, the landlord came and told me where I should sleep. He carried me to a kind of bed he had fixed for me. I laid down and slept sweeptly. Thus I went on for some days; he then gave me some clothes and then I was asked to set with them at the table. And after some days he gave me every night twenty-five cents in silver. I went on; after some time he took to giving me fifty cents. I began to feel very well—thus I went on, sir, feeling every night that what I wanted I had gained. I hung my waistcoat and pantaloons on my chair and I was happy and contented. Thus I continued on with the gentleman till he gave me five hundred dollars a year. After awhile, I got money enough to buy the land I now live on and two negroes to help me. I then went to farming to myself, and God has prospered me to what I am now. Here he stopped. He had at that time from sixty to one hundred working hands, and that night they were shucking around a pile of corn at least sixty yards long. I asked him, if he pleased to tell me, at what period of his life he was most contented. He sighed and brought a heavy groan and paused for some time; at last, sir, said he, my happiest hours were when my all hung on my chair back by my bed-side with my quarters and half-dollars in them; then, said he, I attained the end of my wishes every day, and I slept satisfied; but now, I have so many things to fret and distress me, I can't sleep of nights at all. I said, riches then have not made you happy. No sir, said he, I never see one day's contentment, there is no happiness in riches. I then told him

that I was but a lad, but to suffer me to persuade him to seek the true riches, they would make him happy, and they would go with him through time and the dark and dismal valley of death—and they would take him to heaven, and there they would keep him happy for ever. He said, sir, I am a miserable man, I know if I die as I am, I shall be lost. I am miserable here and have no hope hereafter. I exhorted him to seek religion. He said he knew he ought to do so, but he was so taken up with the thought of his business he could not get the thoughts of religion to stay in his heart. I asked him if he did not think he had better give it up to the management of another, and try and save his soul, that he was very old and he must soon die. Sir, said he, I can't bear to think about it, I wish I had never got rich. Here he rose up and walked off. I have since learned, he died unhappy. Poor fellow, how plain I saw fulfilled in him the truth of Saint Paul's expression to Timothy—"They that will be rich, fall into temptation," &c. Here he was above ground and going into the dreadful gulf with his eyes fixed on it; and yet, he seemed like he could not stop. Oh God! how few are there that think there is any harm in desiring to be rich, or any danger in being bewildered with the dutiful cares of riches. In my long observation among men, I have found but few who were not willing to risk the danger of them for the sake of their possession. I do not think that I have known one Christian man but what declined in religion as he grew rich; and still, the deceitfulness of riches is drowning its millions in woe.

CHAPTER IV.

Manners and Dress of the Methodists.

I will now give the reader a condensed history of the manners and dress of the Methodist Church and her Ministers up to 1822. In this history, I shall write according to my own knowledge, as gained by my own observation, and the statements of others, who had the oversight of the Church. That there were unruly and disobedient members in the Church at times, I know to be a fact—but, I know they did not stay in the Church in this way—if they could not be persuaded to live according to the rule as laid down in the Discipline, they were dismissed—they were never suffered to stay in the church and trample on the feelings and rules of the Church. By examining the rules of holy living as laid down in our Book of Discipline, you can there get the character of our church as a body. The women dressed plain, and there was nothing said about the richness of their dress, so it was plain. It was the same in the dress of the men. The preachers, whether local or itinerant, all wore round breasted coats. The first Bishops I ever saw, McKendree and George, had them on. The members did not follow the ever changing fashions of the cut of dress; they remained in the same fashion, they thought "be not conformed to this world," meant in dress, that they must not take the world for their pattern; but in neatness and plainness, the Church was to be her own pattern according to the Scriptures, and simplicity of manners were to be their constant aim, the mind of Christ was to be their mind; that the followers of

Christ were to know no man after the flesh, neither themselves or others had anything to do with any that would hinder them from going on to perfection; yea, to the fulness of the stature of Christ as men and women. Whatever the Gospel forbid, they let alone—whatever it commanded they did, according to the best of their ability, and they were constantly striving to have the right sort of ability. Read no books, kept no company, but such as led to the knowledge and love of God and man; shunned all kinds of amusements that did not tend to the same things; honest and pointed in all their dealings; punctual in their contracts; speaking the truth in love; having their conversation honest before all men. They were, truly, in this way, burning and shining lights in this crooked and perverse world, constantly denying themselves of all ungodliness and worldly lusts. In this way they lived, and went through all sorts of weather to their class meetings and prayer meetings. In these meetings, the young as well as those more advanced, prayed in public, with and for one another and for all men; they watched over one another in love, and then in kindness told each other their fears about one another, and exhorted each other to all faithfulness, giving each other all the help they could to work out their salvation with fear and trembling, well knowing that God was working in them to will and to do every good work unto all well pleasing unto full assurance of the hope that purified them even as he is pure. But few of the lay members wore round breasted coats; they wore the coat that was then called the lappel coat; they stood aloof from extravagance on the one hand and from presumption on the other. They only sought to please men for their good to edification, and each to provoke one another to love and good works.—

Thus the members of the Methodist Church lived from my first knowledge of them, up to 1821. Universally hated and spoken against by all other denominations of Christians, the world joining in the opposition. Thus they lived till in this way of living, they and their doctrines became so popular that all other denominations coveted their friendship; the world did the same thing.

Oh that the Church remained as pure as our fathers, what a time now to have spread true Scriptural holiness through these lands! But unfortunately for her, in time, her great popularity. by the power of God through holy living, hundreds of cases being convicted and desirous to save their souls and flee from the wrath to come, were suffered by some to join the Methodist Church, more or less bringing their fashions with them, hoping that after awhile they would put them off. But, alas! they never did; in this way we lost our simplicity and power in a great degree. The preachers soon by degrees dropped their coat, and wore frock-coats for a while, and then to a great extent went into the fashion according to the style of the times, and thus we have made the world our pattern. My dear brethren, let me ask you one question. Is this not conforming to the world contrary to the plain sense of our rules on dress, as understood by the ministers and members of our Church up to 1821? Ask the old preachers and members that are yet living, they will all tell you to a man that it is, and I think if you will ask them they will tell you that they are hurt and that they have no hope that the astonishing display of God's power will ever return till former living according to Methodist rule comes back. To say that Church rule is administered now as good as it was then, is to contradict our former history, the testimony of the old members and all the old men and women

that are now living, that then saw her and witnessed the administration of the discipline; ask them if in the present class meetings, prayer meetings, love feasts, and at our preaching hours, if there is not a manifest departure of God's especial power in every one of those meetings among our fashionable Methodists, unlike the days of our simplicity. Ask them if the members stayed away from class meetings as they do now—ask them if the members were as careless and unwilling to come to class meeting then as now—ask them if they did not rejoice to see the day come—ask them if the members were, to the neglect of their class meetings, found going to the preaching of other denominations where no class meetings were held on the Sabbath days as they do now—ask them if all the members did not then attend their weekly appointments—in a word, if they were not systematic Methodists according to our discipline—ask them if this was not the reason why they were hated and persecuted by all as they were, and they will tell you yes; that in proportion as we have departed from the specialities of old Methodism, we have departed in our special character and lost that special power with God and man that we once had—ask them if our popularity was not a special one in God's power according to his own special truth—ask them if the war between the Methodists and other denominations was only the war of general principles; they will tell you these were only the lines of battle according to which the special principles were brought to bear; thus the dreadful conflict went on. The world as their reserve, when they would give way, would I come on furiously to sustain them, for both parties were contending for the world; the enemy having no special guns to sustain them, their whole line with its reserve was carried, other denominations hav-

ing lost their line of battle, struck their flag and took shelter under ours, the reserve struck theirs, the victors shouted glory to God in the highest, peace and good will to all men. Oh what a battle! The slain of the Lord were awful yet glorious. Out of this victory grew the Free Will Baptists. As a body they have done much good. The old Baptist Church to a great extent joined them. All denominations now preached free salvation as far as conviction, repentance and conversion were concerned, much as we did. No man could preach Calvinism and be a popular minister.

About this time, Dr. Hopkins' system come among us; it seemed to be a new modification of Calvinism; it seemed to be something mysteriously mixed up out of the wreck with what the author saw fit to suit the times. I do not think the common people ever understood it. It appears to me more designed to halt the Presbyterian Church and ministers till they would cool off, than to lead them into all truth as it is in Jesus. I soon heard of the old school and the new school Presbyterians. That respectable Church has been split up in its opinions from that time to this. But little said about Calvinism from that to the present time in the churches or the pulpits. Though from what I have seen of late in the Nashville Christian Advocate, I think Calvinism is about to try to form her line again according to former views. McFerrin & Henkle seem to be at their posts, they have met the enemy, and from the way they use them, I think the line will be hard to form to much extent. There has been a respectful friendship shown to the Methodists from the time of which I spoke, as a branch of the Christian Church by other denominations, and also by the world.

In conclusion, I have one request to make of the Methodist Church and her preachers: First, to the

Church; I have given you a model of the old Church. Will you imitate her? Second, to the preachers; to see that when they preach Christ that they preach him in his special and general character, in the power and wisdom of God. Suffer me in love to tell you the difference there appears to me to be between you and the former preachers: First, in your conference capacity. In the admission of ministers into the traveling and local connections—first, is his moral character good, is he a learned man, is he popular, is he sound in our doctrines and discipline? These being ascertained, he is admitted. While the old preachers in the first place inquired, what is his power? has the Church been edified? have sinners been brought to God by his services? This being satisfactorily answered. is his moral character good? is he sound in our doctrines and discipline? this being answered, he was admitted. If learned well, if not, a course of literary improvement was assigned him.

In the second place, you seem to be too indifferent as to the fashionable character of the man. The old preachers admitted none such. In the third place, you are more intellectual than powerful in your ministrations of God's word. The old preachers were as powerful as they were intellectual, while their intellectual ministration reached and regulated the judgment of the audience—at the same time their power reached and regulated the hearts of the hearers; these with the old preachers in their effects constituted the first, the intermediate and last trait of a Methodist preacher. If he lost these traits, they knew him afterwards according to his speech and not according to his former power. In the fourth place, in admitting and retaining members in the Church, you are too indifferent as to their fashionable character, while the old preachers neither admitted nor retained fash-

ionable persons. In the fifth place, you seem to be too careless in suffering members to stay in the Church who but seldom go to class meeting—some of whom hate class meetings in their hearts. The old preachers suffered none such to stay in the Church. In the sixth place, you seem to be too indifferent in your social and family intercourse with Church members, to press upon them the necessity of inward and outward holiness; the old preachers made this their first, their intermediate, and last object of their labors and care.

Now, my dear brethren, I have given you the character of the officers and troops of the old army in this country, who broke and carried the enemy's lines and conquered a peace in her favor and in favor of the salvation of all men. I was in those battles, I saw the enemy's line carried, his flags come down. I saw the treaty and the terms of peace acknowledged and ratified—you are as their successors left to maintain the peace and carry out its glorious designs—don't give up the special guns, but keep them in the field in special operation, always in the hands of generals and troops of special character, and when the war is over and we all meet at the war department to render a just account, you will not be ashamed to hear the commander-in-chief say to the old army officers and troops, you have fought a good fight. you have kept the faith, you have finished your course, there remains for you a crown of life for ever and ever. My farewell to you, is the farewell of that spiritual war, *love*, and as I seem in some sense to connect the two armies together (for I have fought in both) as theirs and mine, suffer me to leave my love with you as our mantle. Don't let the enemy capture it.

In the foregoing history, perhaps some will think I have said too much, and some may think I

have said too little. My answer is, that I have had the poor people in view as well as others and have tried to condense it as much as possible, so as to be in the reach of their ability. If this should receive sufficient patronage to authorise it, I intend to collect another small volume of early Methodism in Alabama, to be added to this, and then a third from the Western District and Mississippi north.

Yours, truly,
JOHN BROOKS.

LETTER FROM REV. EBENEZER HEARN.

CAMDEN, Ala., Feb. 15, 1848.

Rev. J. B. McFerrin:

Dear Brother in Christ—At the request of brother John Brooks, I give a short sketch of my early Ministry in the itinerancy, which he wishes to use in a book which he is writing or compiling.

In the Autumn of 1816, I was recommended to the Tennessee Annual Conference, held in the town of Franklin, where I was admitted on probation, and sent to the Duck river circuit in charge all alone. The conference was then composed of old fashioned plain Methodist Preachers, such as Douglass, Gwin, Page, Linsey, and others of the same stamp, men of such uniform conduct and ap-

earance that they were known and revered by ll who saw them; and such was the power which ttended the word, that it was not an uncommon ning for men and women to fall as helpless as nough they were dead, while sitting under the vord. And they would often remain helpless for ours and sometimes for a day and night. The ircuits in those days were full, when there was wenty-four appointments in four weeks, allowing he preacher each Monday to rest and have his lothes washed. Then the preacher was expected o preach and examine the class and strictly mark he class paper carefully, as follows: P. for present, A. for absent, S. for sick, D. for being at a distance from home. And whenever there were three A.'s together the delinquent had to account for hem or be set aside for omission of duty. In those ays every Methodist could be known in two ways; irst, by the simplicity and plainness of their dress: nd second, by their seriousness of deportment; none vere suffered to remain in society who indulged n superfluity of dress, such as ruffles, rings, earings, and such like things; nor was dram drinkers uffered to remain in society. And all heads of amilies, male or female, were required to have onstant family prayer, morning and night, without which, they at all times forfeited their membership. The preachers joining the conference in hose days did not think of courting or seeking a vife until they had traveled sufficiently long to orm a character as a faithful ambassador for God, ay not less than four to six years. I well recollect ny thoughts on that subject. I was well persuaded that the conference had condescended greatly o receive such a man as I was, without education. aving almost every thing to learn. So I determined to give my entire service without incumbrance for at least four years or more. Such was

my views then and they are not changed in the smallest degree till now. The Church may not have such claims on learned men just from college, who know more than the old preachers do; but, if I be allowed to think, I would advise even college boys to let the ladies alone for at least four years, lest the world should suspect them for setting out to hunt a wife, instead of souls for Christ. But, enough on this subject.

The second year I traveled, I was sent to the Flint circuit, partly in Lincoln and Franklin counties in Tennessee, and partly in Madison county, Ala. Here I traveled but half the year. The Methodists were the same sort of folks here as they were on Duck river. In the spring of 1818, at the solicitation of my presiding elder, T. L. Douglass, I made my way to South Alabama as a missionary. Here I traveled six months, and did not see nor hear of a Methodist traveling preacher, and such was the sparseness of the settlements that I often rode from twenty to forty miles without seeing a house; I have lain out on the mountain, on the cold ground, having no soul within miles of me, hearing the panthers scream; but I was engaged in the Lord's work and the Lord took care of me. Here I found many Methodists scattered through the newly settled country; I gathered them together, and formed them in societies under the same rule of discipline; and they, on their part, promising to obey all the requisites of the same; not thinking it hard or cruel, for it was litterally the word of God. Here I had some of the most refreshing seasons of the grace of God I ever have had.

I continued in the Missionary work in South Alabama and North Mississippi, until the fall of 1820, when I transferred to the Mississippi conference. Here I found for the first time, a disposition on the

part of some of the members to live in the Methodist church and follow the fashions of the gay and giddy world, and what most surprised me was, an old companion of mine from the Tennessee conference, who had preceded me a year to the lower conference. He advised me not to exercise the discipline, for the members would not bear it, for they were rich and influential, and I would ruin myself, and at the same time accomplish nothing. But as I had promised God and the conference to do my duty, I thought it better to obey God than a backslidden preacher; so I only had to show the members their duty and they were almost all disposed to do it. So the Lord did most wonderfully pour out his spirit on us that year, and the members were disposed to bless God for a preacher that dared to tell them their duty. In the fall of 1821, I was appointed to a circuit on the Mississippi river, abounding with wealth, where the discipline had been for some years neglected and the people quite fashionable, and many of the members seemed to desire to act as other folks did. Here I found it more difficult to rally the members to the standard of the cross, and to be faithful. plain, and simple hearted Methodists; but still, by faithful dealing and forbearance I had to set aside but few.

In the fall of 1822, I received the appointment of Presiding Elder in charge of the then Louisiana District, embracing the whole or nearly so of the State of Louisiana, on the west side of the Mississippi river. The greater part of the population were French, and under Roman Catholic influence: but still where we found Methodists they were after the old form, expected to be governed by the discipline both in spirit and letter. During two years that I had charge of that District, we had some revivals, and the Roman Catholics lost ground

in many places. In the month of January, 1824. Bishop R. R. Roberts and myself visited New Orleans for the purpose of establishing Methodist preaching in the city. Brother John Menifee was in New Orleans as a local preacher. We spent near a week in arranging the Mission in New Orleans, since which time, there has been regular preaching in that great city by the Episcopal Methodists.

In the fall of 1824, I visited Tennessee, my old country, and found to my surprise and great distress, that the Methodists and Methodist preachers had greatly changed in their appearance, from the neat, plain, simple Methodist dress. There seemed to be a disposition to follow the fashions of the day. Many exceptions, however, both of preachers and laymen. I found some of the old preachers fighting against the spirit of the world and trying to hold up old Methodism in every point of view, but they could not keep down the fashions of the day, for the young College preachers got above the old fashioned ones and took the lead, since which time uniform Methodism has not been known, (I mean in external appearance) perhaps it is all for the better; but I find as old fashioned Methodism had to yield to fashion and show, class meeting and family religion dwindled. After spending a short time in Tennessee, I made my way to South Alabama, and the same change seemed to have passed on the Methodists and Methodist preachers. In the year 1825, I had charge of the Mobile District, embracing a part of South Alabama, some portion of west Florida, and a small portion of Mississippi; there was some difficulty in executing the discipline in the old way, for some must wear jewelry, and some could not pray in their families, and some must have their dram, and others must distil brandy and whisky. In the year 1826, still on

the same district, and now the rules of the discipline were quite too strict and the spirit of reform began to stir; and now and then a Mutual Right could be seen, (a paper published, I think, in Baltimore,) this seemed to threaten us with more difficulties, and especially those preachers who dared to contend for old Methodism. In 1827, still on the same field of labor, union societies began to spring up among the localities and laity, and worse than all the rest, there were some itinerant preachers who were secretly sowing discord among the members while traveling the circuit. Here our difficulties burst out in full bloom, so that if the preacher attempted to correct an error in society, he was branded with tyranny, being one of the Bishop's agents to lord it over God's heritage; and I think it was in 1828, my fourth year on the District, that the separation took place, and the reformed Methodists (since the Protestant Methodists) set up for themselves, and no doubt they thought it was an improvement on Methodism; but it doubtless hindered the march of Christianity more in South Alabama than any circumstance that ever happened to the Church in this country. I would still hope that the Lord may overrule it for the good of the Church. Since that time to this, there has been but little regularity in the Church, compared with former days; some think the Methodist church in a better condition now than it formerly was; I cannot think so, for I fear the world has too much to do with the Church and Church affairs; one thing I know, the less I am conformed to the world the better it is for me, in a religious point of view. And now, my dear Brethren, if the few things I have said on these sheets will do you any good in making a book, or any other way, if you will take the pains to correct and cull, you are welcome to them. I am in haste yours,

EBENEZER HEARN.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN CARR.

Brother Brooks,—According to your request, I now sit down to give you a short sketch of the rise of Methodism in this country. The first Methodist preacher that ever came here, was by the name of Ogden, I believe his given name was Benjamin. Middle Tennessee then consisted of three counties, viz: Montgomery, Davidson and Sumner. The field of operation for brother Ogden was from Clarksville, Montgomery county, to Bledsoe's Lick, in Sumner county. There were no inhabitants in the east nearer than East Tennessee, and none west of Clarksville. I believe he came here in 1787 or '88. He labored faithfully among an ignorant, irreligious set of people, and with some success. Whether he formed any societies or not, I am not certain. I knew a few individuals that professed religion under his ministry; old brother Lindsley, and brother Crane and their families. Mr. Lindsley was the father of the Rev. Isaac Lindsley, who was murdered a few years since by Carroll, and the Rev. John Crane, who died in the traveling connection, was the son of brother Crane. He preached from station to station, and in the country where the people had settled out. He labored a good deal about Nashville and in the neighborhood. Whether he traveled the whole year out or not I am not positive. I believe he returned to the next annual conference held in Virginia, sixty members. The next year, James Hawe and Peter Massey came—formed one circuit, which contained the whole of Middle Tennessee—formed societies and preached with great success;

a very considerable revival broke out. The Methodists were greatly persecuted by other denominations; but God was with them and they prospered. Brother Massey I think died in the neighborhood of Nashville, perhaps the second year that he was here—he was a holy, devoted man. The first presiding Elder that came here was by the name of Francis Poythres. We sent a guard to Kentucky to guard him here for fear of the Indians. He was a holy man. The first Methodist meeting house that was ever built in Davidson county, was built about four miles north of Nashville, on White's creek; it was called Hooper's Chapel. I have seen great displays of divine power there. There was a stone meeting house put up in Nashville, somewhere about the Public Square; but I think it was built after Hooper's Chapel. The first Methodist meeting house that was ever built in Sumner county, was built on Big Station Camp, about one mile north of the present Turnpike—it was called Norris's meeting house. There was a considerable settlement made on the Sulphur Fork of Red river, near to where Springfield now is, called Bonan's settlement; I believe it then belonged to Montgomery county. There was a meeting house built there called Bonan's Chapel. There I have seen great displays of divine power. It would look very strange to you now, to see a neighborhood all coming out to preaching and carrying their rifle guns, to guard their families to and from meeting from the Indians. I have no recollection of hearing tell of such a people as the Methodists until Ogden came here. I believe the greater part of the inhabitants of this country were a good deal like myself, for we were generally backwoods people and cared but little about religion.

The first quarterly meeting that was ever held

in Sumner county, was held at Trammel's Station on Red river. Curiosity excited me to go, for I knew nothing more of the nature of a quarterly meeting than a Chocktaw. I went there a vain prodigal youth. The meeting was held in old brother Trammel's dwelling house. When I arrived they were holding love-feast and the doors were closed. I had never heard of a love-feast before. My curiosity was up to the highest pitch to know what they were doing in there with closed doors. At length I discovered some person had opened the roof of the house; I climbed up and let myself down on a clapboard loft to look at them. When I got there, I found a man sitting in the loft, I looked on with astonishment; they were telling their experience and shouting and giving glory to God. An awful tremor came over me, and I would have given the world to have been out. There I sat like a condemned criminal, for I had come in like a thief or a robber, not by the door—I expected God would kill me and send me to hell, for I had'nt strength to go out the way I came in; but the first thing that I knew I was down upon the floor among the people crying to God for mercy. I did not obtain forgiveness at that time, but my mouth was shut and I could not bear to persecute the Methodists again. From that day to this I have believed them to be the people of God. The next regular preachers that came were Wilson Lee and Joseph Lillard; I believe Lillard did not stay long but returned to Kentucky, but brother Lee traveled a year, and preached with great success and was an eminent man—and there was a great revival under his ministry. Methodism began to raise its head up and the mouths of gainsayers were stopped—sinners fell like dead men in battle, and when they came to, they arose giving glory to god.

"Telling to all around;
What a dear Savior they had found.

Convictions were powerful and conversions bright—it was not uncommon for men to get on their horses and ride all through the neighborhood exhorting their neighbors to flee the wrath to come. There was a small society formed at my mother's on Drake's creek; her house became a circuit preaching place and there was a small society formed there.

I will relate a circumstance that occurred there, to show the ignorance of the people relative to Methodism in that day. There was a first rate young man came on the circuit by the name of Benjamin Tucker—he preached at my mother's, and after preaching he said he would hold class meeting; the people were universally ignorant of the nature of class meetings, and not one left the house, he stepped to the door and shut it and drew a bench against it, and the people were seated all around the house, and the bench against the door was filled up, so there was no getting out of the cabin. He commenced his examination around the house, not missing an individual—a worse scared set of men, perhaps, you never saw. He went on until he came to a Dutchman by the name of Catron, I believe he was an uncle of Judge Catron, of Nashville; he was grossly ignorant on the subject of religion. Brother Tucker addressed him in this language; "Well, brother, do you think the Lord for Christ's sake has ever pardoned your sins?" The answer was, "Sometimes I toes, and sometimes I toesent." He then asked him a second question. "Do you ever pray?" The answer was, "Sometimes I toes, and den I shovels him off again." There was a man by the name of Thomas Hamilton, as brave a man as ever took a gun or sword in hand, had fought through the Revolutionary war, and

would turn his back upon no man at a pull of fisticuffs; he sat near the fire-place, and when the preacher got near him he became very restless, he would look towards the door—he could not get out there—he would look up the cabin chimney, then he would look towards the back of the house where his hat lay—when the preacher was examining one or two next to him, he sprang to his feet, took up the cabin chimney, mounted his horse bareheaded, and rode five miles home to the Ridge Station, where he lived, the worst scared man, perhaps, you ever saw. Both these men afterwards embraced religion, and Catron became the greatest light of his day, and died in the triumphs of the living faith.

I name these things to show you the gross ignorance of the people in that day, and if you think them worth noticing, you may dispose of them as you please. From 1790 up, the emigration was pretty considerable, and we were regularly supplied with first rate preachers. I could mention a number of their names, whose memory is dear to me; there was Henry Burchet, one of the most holy devoted men that I ever knew. I believe that he died in the neighborhood of Nashville. There was James O'Cull, a perfect son of thunder; he was preaching one day and bearing hard upon the drunkard and whisky makers; he said he would to God all the stills in the world were in one, and that was in the belly of hell. I told him that he had affronted a heap of people by that expression. He said if he had wished the drunkards all in it and the cap on, it would have been much worse. He had been raised a Roman Catholic. He was a man of great faith and perseverance. I believe I will relate another incident of brother O'Cull. The year before he came here, he had traveled in Kentucky. I mention these things to show how

uncompromising the preachers were in that day, with every thing that was not for the glory of God. The first time that he went round his circuit he preached at a house—after preaching, he heard the people say that they expected there would be more people at a frolic that night than there was at preaching—he enquired if there was a frolic in the neighborhood; he was told there was, about three miles off in the evening. He mounted his horse, enquired the way and went to it—he was a perfect stranger—when he arrived the people were collecting for the dance; his solemn looks soon proved to the merry company that he was not a welcome guest—the company appeared very uneasy to know who the stranger was. Before dark he took out the landlord, and made his business known, and asked leave to preach, which was utterly refused; O'Cull urged the matter closely, and the man at length told him he might do as he pleased; they both returned to the house, and he drew out his Bible and Hymn book and told them by their leave he would open the ball.

He commenced singing, not an individual in the house assisted him—while he prayed they all kept their seats. He had not preached long, before divine power came down, and they were heard sobbing and crying all through the house; it was not long before there was a general inquiry what they must do to be saved, he then had his hands full from that hour until a little before day. At the close of the meeting he said that if any one in the neighborhood would open their doors, he would preach to them that night four weeks; the man of the house who had got his heart touched, arose and said, that he was welcome to preach there. He directed the mourners what to do; and, by the time he got round again, some fifteen or twenty had professed religion. There was a large

society raised in that place, and a great revival broke out, all from the circumstance of brother O'Cull's going to the dance.

This narrative was related to me either by brother McHenry or brother Wilkerson, I think nearly in the language that I have related.

I might mention other things that occurred at that early time, but it is hardly worth while. As before observed, we were well supplied with preachers after 1790. There was Barnabas McHenry, a man of the first order of talents; Jacob Larton, John Ball, William Burke, and a good many might be mentioned, all labored with great success. I have not one word to say against the preachers of this our day; I love them and believe they are men of God; but I can assure you, sir, there is a great difference between the preachers of the present and former day, and also among the members. At an early time the very looks of a Methodist preacher would strike terror to a sinner's heart. They visited from house to house; I never knew them to leave a house without prayer, and then examining the whole family. There was no jesting or joking with them, but were cheerful without levity, and generally left a solemn impression among the people. They were men that lived by rule and dressed generally in one stile. I don't think that I ever saw a Methodist preacher until after 1800, wear what is called a fashionable or dandy coat—previous to this, I believe their coats were all cut in the same fashion. Let them appear in what company they would, they were pointed out as Methodist preachers, and a great many of them grossly persecuted, but God was with them and blessed their labors. There was a great deal more love and good feeling among the members then than I fear there is now. The rules of the Church were very strictly attended to;

no person was admitted into lovefeasts that wore ruffles or jewelry of any description—let their blood or birth be what it may—class meetings were strictly attended to. When a preacher came on the circuit, he could easily tell the situation of the society by looking at the class book.

Now, sir, I have given you a sketch of the rise and progress of Methodism in this country at an early time. Never expecting to be called upon, and never keeping any record, having to copy it all from memory, and being now near seventy-four years old, you may calculate that my memory has very much failed me. If it will be of any service to you or brother McFerrin in your history, you can make use of it, if not, you can lay it aside as useless trash.

I remain your brother and friend,

JOHN CARR.

Sumner county, Tenn., 1848.

A SERMON BY THE AUTHOR,

On the difference of the special and general knowledge of God's will in the Ministers and Members of the Church, in a special and general sense, and its effects on the community at large where they live.

"For this cause, we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing; being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God".—Colossians, 1st ch., 9th and 10th verses.

How often have we heard the complaint or reflection, if not intended by the complainer, yet virtually, on God himself, for not causing the Apostolic mode of Church government to come down to the gospel Churches in after ages? Has not this complaint been without just cause? How much knowledge on this point comes to us in the incidental knowledge that comes up to us in the scriptures, from the different relations the Church bears to itself and the world. First, as regards the relation that exists between the Ministers of the gospel and the church, as incidentally expressed in the first part of the first verse in our text? Why did the church at Colosse wish St. Paul and the other ministers of the church to know that she had any being, and her spiritual character? Is not the reason made manifest in the text? Notice the Apostle, "For this cause, we also, since the day we heard it." Heard of what? why their existence as a church and their spiritual character. He says, "since the day we heard it," not before.

It was, then, their existence as a church and their spiritual state, that they wanted the Apostle and the rest of the ministers and all the members of the different churches to know—for it does seem to me, the membership, though not first, are certainly included in the term as used by the Apostle. But to the Apostle—does he not seem to express this idea in relation to the object the church had in view, as expressed by him in the second verse, to the saints and faithful brethren in Christ which are at Colosse? And in the third verse, he gives thanks to God and the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you; verse fourth, since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus and of the love which ye have to all the saints. Having settled this point, we will next notice the relation as expressed in the text, of himself and the rest of the ministers, especially those who had the charge of the church. The subject matter of their prayer was that the church at Colosse might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. What an incidental trait does the Apostle give here, of true ministerial character, so expressive of their special relationship to the experimental interests of the church. What a prayer! that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will. This was the first and great object in all their prayers, and when we consider the power ministers and members had with God in those days, when true religion consisted alone in that faith that stood in the power of God—it was omnipotence in the hearts of all true christians entreating itself to be thus gracious to the church—we need not wonder at the following prayer: "To be filled with the knowledge of his will." How could it be otherwise, when we consider it was the same love that induced God to bring about that great *wonder* of all WONDERS, the great arrangement of his love to

a fallen world, the entire energy of the whole plan. So we see the prayer could not be otherwise than what it is. As regards man, the knowledge of God's will is absolutely essential to the doing of his will, as no man can act conscientiously according to a rule, unless he knows the rule and all its specialities. Man is born, as far as human experience and knowledge can go, as entirely void of the knowledge of God and his will as the beasts; and as there is nothing like God, seeing he is holy like himself, if ever man know him, God must make himself known to him; and as knowledge is the result of demonstration, without which there is no knowledge, the object of the prayer is for God to make or fill the church at Colosse with the knowledge of his will, thus making himself known to the church. And as God is a spirit, and as the soul of man is a spirit, and as God is the only self-existing communicable spiritual source in the universe—seeing there are, as far as we can judge, but two principles in the universe, spirit and matter. Man is a compound of both, and a dependant being on God as a spirit, and as all spiritual happiness must in the nature of things consist in pure spiritual knowledge and feeling, so the Apostle, by the two defining terms he makes use of in order to explain what he meant by the knowledge of his will, as in all wisdom, seems to mean that God would grant them the power to see all things in a general and special sense contained in his will, as revealed to us in his word. So far as the general and special character of all christians is concerned--is not the sense the Apostle fixes to the term wisdom in the 3rd chapter and 16th verse, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom," that is in all they see in Christ's word richly, having a rich provision of spiritual discernment according to the meaning of Christ's word.

We will see this point more clearly if we will add the balance of the verse—"teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Mark it, the Apostle says, in spiritual songs, with grace in the heart, showing that the wisdom spoken of in the text is spiritual and flows from the grace of God in the heart, which is the entire nature and faculties of the soul to feel and see what is spiritually good in Christ's word. This is proved from reason and the nature of man. Man as a material being is passing in his nature, and the powers of enjoyment are like the nature from which they spring, that must die and lose all its powers of perceptions and feeling, its nature will cease to want supplies and all its powers of gratification and supplies will have perished with it. The happiness of man then, as a material being, is passing away and dying out until it is all gone, and his capability of feeling pain or happiness, and all conscious existence is past and gone, and he remains in due time only a portion of earth, like the horse or the mule. Hence we see the meaning of the wise man in his prayer, that men may see that they are but beasts. How happy would it be for man if he would thus look at the subject and betake himself to the interests of his higher nature, which is the only nature in the universe that is like God's nature; as one has expressed it, "the picture of his own eternity." This nature does not pass into different forms, it is a spiritual essence in all its nature and powers, and has no passing or perishing character about it; but a steady, deep, and indescribable sensibility of its wants. Its wants are ever the same thing, the influence and nature of God. It is not like the body, which dies and loses all its sensibilities of want. It dies, it is true, but it is a very different kind of death to that of

the body. It is a living death of indescribable pain. It sees, it thinks, it walks, it talks; but who can tell how a disembodied spirit looks or acts? But the time will come when we shall know more about this matter than we can now know. God grant we may not have to get this mysterious knowledge in the world of woe. It only changes in its moral character, not in its essence or its wants. Man in his present fallen state is miserable, and must be more so if he does not seek and obtain the knowledge above described. But the church at Colosse had sought and found this knowledge and was happy.

I have departed a little from the last point under consideration, the relative character of the ministers of God's word to the church. I have hinted that they had a special relation to the church. Indeed, long experience in my intimacy and observations in the church, as well as from the word of God, that what is called generalising preaching, is always connected with a generalising administration of church discipline, and never makes a special people, and when such a ministration of God's word and administration of church rule comes over a people that are special in their religious character, it is not long before you can see that special character weakening and passing away, and in a short time, except in a very few, and they much injuried, it is all gone, and the preacher is left to an empty house, and complaining why the people and the church do not come to the house of God, when he has been himself the cause at least of the absence of the church. You may ask me how has he been the cause of the absence of the church? Why, in the following manner: he has preached the great and general leading doctrines of the gospel, and has neglected to preach the special principles of those great doctrines, which

were necessary to give those doctrines their designed effect, and in consequence, those grand doctrines ceased to supply the nourishment and instructions necessary to their peculiar wants, and their special character had to die out through the unfaithfulness of the preacher, in lopping off almost, if not all, his special character to the church. The gospel has great leading principles, and these principles have their special principles—now if these special principles are neglected, the general ones must loose their particular force. Take a few examples for illustration; first, the large roots of the tree, see how far they run along just under the ground, see how they prop and steady the tree; but each one of these large roots has its little ones of all sizes and lengths; now these are special roots of the main ones; by the aid of those running all about through the soil, the tree first gives the main roots their place and direction through the soil, these roots have their little ones as above stated, but do you cut away these little ones and keep them trimmed off, and however well you may keep the soil applied to them, and however deep you may keep them in the soil, you will ere long discover the tree showing signs of decay; it will not die suddenly, but it will be on the decline till its life and the life of all the large roots is gone; the soil is still there, and there stands the tree, resting in the soil on its roots, but it has lost its assimilating character in consequence of its losing its special connection with the soil. It is dead, and now is under the assimilating influence of the soil and other causes being considered, it soon returns to the soil itself. So I fear that all such generalising ministers will waste or destroy the special character of their charges, lose their own if they ever had such a character, and all will go to ruin. How can ministers, who do not know the wants of their

members, administer to them their portion in due time, unless they adopt some special method to find out the condition of each one, and give each his portion in due season? If he does not get the necessary aid in due time, it may come too late. If any minister will take it upon himself to examine the Bible carefully, he will find that God has not designed to form any trait of moral character or to suffer any circumstances, however difficult, to be the lot of any christian, but what he has left suitable precepts and promises for such an one, if the preacher suffers his flock to perish for the want of such knowledge, woe to him.

Let us illustrate this point by another circumstance. Let us suppose a public school on hand, and all the necessary teachers and books are there, and the necessary students—the teachers, instead of going to each one or calling them up, as the case may be, and examining into each one's literary character, and then giving them appropriate lessons, they were to give them their books and then make a declaration of scientific principles in a general way—would they ever make a scholar of one of them? Never, no never. Take another figure for illustration. Let us suppose there is a government hospital, the sick of all classes are there, the physicians, and books, and medicines are there—the doctors, instead of going to each one, and examining each case, and ascertaining the precise state of the disease or diseases, as the case might be, and then administer medicine accordingly—they were to minister their medicine out to each one in a general way, is it not evident that they would kill or cripple them through life and bring about a painful and untimely end of all? Now what has caused the failure of scholarship in the first place? Does it not lie right here? the teachers did not search into the true literary char-

acter and then give them appropriate lessons. So in the last case, the doctors did not look into the true character of their sick and then give appropriate medicines. Oh that God may give to all whom it may concern, to look into these things and be faithful to their high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

In the next place, let us take a scriptural view of the church in her relation to her faithful ministers. In what we have said in the relation ministers have to the church, we have in a degree brought to view the relations the church has to her faithful pastors; first, she is to be their epistle, known and read of all men; she must in this way give weight and character to her ministers, to all men, and thus pave the way for them and their holy, life-giving doctrines---if the church fail to do her duty, the purest ministration of God's word on earth must fail in the salvation of souls. Men in general will not read the book of God; they will look to the lives of the members of the church and their happy or miserable deaths for the truth of the saving character of the word of God. In the second place, she must pray for her ministers, that wherever they may go, they may go in the power of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, that God may give them utterance to declare the truth of God in so plain and powerful a manner, that all men may see the truth as it is in Jesus and come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved. She should be faithful at the house of worship at all times—she should see that her faithful ministers, as far as it is in her power, should have the natural necessary comforts of life for himself and his family—the church bears a special spiritual relation, not only to her ministers, but to herself. There are certain doctrines in the New Testament that seem to be obligatory on all the members of the church, in so

particular a manner that I do not see how they can be complied with, without bringing into being something like what is called class meeting in the Methodist church. For instance, the Apostle James in the 16th verse of the 5th chapter of his epistle says: "confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The meaning of this text of scripture is so plain, that no consistent construction can be put upon it, it seems to me, but the following: there are duties imposed on every member of the church in the relation it bears to her spiritual benefit, that I do not see how she can get the benefit unless they are performed, seeing this is God's revealed method of conferring the benefit expressed in the text alluded to, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed." Now, suppose the members of the church do not comply with the duties here laid down, can it be said that the word of Christ dwells in them richly? Her life and special character, in a spiritual sense, depends upon her performing these duties. Does not reason itself teach us that there must be special reasons why the members of the church should love each other more than they should love mankind in general? Yea, other reasons besides being constituted the children of God. There are special reasons flowing from the spiritual benefit we are to each other in the order of God's providence and revealed will, as above expressed, and in the following scriptures. The epistle of Jude in the 20th verse, strongly intimates to the whole church that they should build themselves up on their most holy faith; which certainly implies that they should under God be the means of bringing spiritual good to the enjoyment of each other. In what other way could they build themselves up.

&c.? seeing that building up in the scripture sense of the term means new additions of that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord

Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, so much the more as you see the day approaching, of hard trial, or appearances of tendencies in each other of departing from the living principles of social, spiritual fellowship.—Again, bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ—teaching and admonishing one another in pslams, and hymns, and spiritual songs. &c., provoking one another to love and good works. All these scriptures seem to me to argue a state of close social order; that each one is designed to be a blessing to the whole, and the whole a blessing to each, so as constantly to be growing up into him in all the graces of the spirit. A mass of scriptures could be produced to the same effect, that go to show that there are special causes growing out of a due attention by the members of the church to those special principles of which we have been talking, why they should love each other in this special sense; and they go to show the constant increase of such special regards. I hesitate not to say, there never was and there never will be, any living ministry or church that neglects them. On the other hand, in my long observations of the Methodist societies, wherever I found a society living according to the above view, I found the society in a state of increasing spirituality and a good influence in favor of true experimental religion in the neighborhood, and I do not recollect of ever stepping into the house where such a society had met, but what I felt the sacred influence that filled the sacred earthly residence of the holy family, and was made to feel that I was in one of those heavenly places in Christ Jesus. All this has been

experienced by me frequently with societies of whom I knew nothing till I entered the house of worship, and looking into the countenances of the brethren,I could see that they were happy and expected to be more so. In such societies, oh what class meetings! I never can forget them. On the other hand, where those holy principles were neglected, I would sometimes find the wasted remnant of a former well disciplined church. Still a few would be there disheartened and having no hope of better times, till former discipline should return. At the same time the great mass of the society were absent and where were they?—at church? no one could tell. At other times I have found large societies in full attendance at church; they looked decent, behaved well, and had an appearance of good raising and fine morals; but few would sing, none could pray in public, and they seemed to me not to pray at all. If the preacher dwelt on the spirituality of the law, the promises of the gospel, and on experimental and practical religion, still they would be uninterested. But if he should have the happy art of bringing to view in a very glowing way, the goodness and love of God to a lost world, their faces would flush up and their handkerchiefs would be hauled from their pockets and put over their eyes, taking away a few tears. The shower would soon be over, and their faces would be as usual. Alas, for such christians!—can it be said of such, that they are building themselves up on their most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keeping themselves in the love of God, looking out for the mercy of Christ unto eternal life? Alas, for such!—they are building themselves up for a royal residence of the Prince of Hell, in deep damnation. Oh! that God would wake up such from their awful delusion by the thunder of his law, while they are designed to drive such into the shadow of that great

rock in this weary land, before they reach that world of woe where its thunders will be heard and felt in the terrors of the hell of sorrow.

At other times, I have gone to the church house and found no one there, and not a trace of human feet having been there for months. In all the neighborhoods of such societies, I have found the non-professing part ignorant of their meeting days and under no special religious influence; and, indeed, such professors have no other tendency than to bring their neighborhoods into indifference about religion, if they do not lead them to treat it with contempt.

In the next place, I wish to say a few things in reference to the relation the church bears to the world. St. Paul has set this part of our sermon down in so plain and specific a manner, that I think it best to introduce it at this place. 1st. Timothy, 2d chap., 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th verses.—"1st. I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men. 2d. For kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. 3d. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour. 4th. Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. 5th. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. 6th. Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. 7th. Whereunto I am ordained a preacher and an apostle, (I speak the truth in Christ, and lie not,) a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity. 8th. I will therefore that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." As the relation of the church is of so high and tremendous a character to the world, that she may have clear views of

that relation and the particular duties resting on that relation as laid down by the Apostle in the first verse just alluded to, suffer me first to introduce God's saving relation to all men. I view this point as of the utmost importance, for if God has no saving relations to all men, no good man can make prayers and intercessions to God to save all men. Such relation must exist, or such duties cannot be according to God's will, or God has a revealed will according to that which does not exist. But let us see whether God has revealed to us such a relationship or not. In the third verse of the chapter above quoted, after the Apostle had laid down the duties in the 1st and 2d verses, which he says, is the first of all duties, in the 3d verse, he tells us that the duties and their performance is good and acceptable in the sight of God. Can duties, and they the first of all—a constant, daily, standing set of duties, and they always—first of all duties in the relation the church experimentally and practically bears to the world—and they having for their object the salvation of all men, and all this be good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, if he has no relation to all men that is good and acceptable to him? He must have such a relationship, or duties performed according to such a rule could not be good and acceptable in his sight, or else that which is done according to falsehood or nothing, consequently false in themselves, must be good and acceptable to God our Saviour, which is impossible, and blasphemy of the highest character. Therefore, God must have a saving relation to all men. On this relation, and on this alone, rests the duties alluded to, or they never can be the work of faith or labor of love, when that love is God's own love shed abroad in the hearts of all his true church—God's love in the hearts of his church can extend no far-

ther in man than it can in himself. The fact is, God so loved the world, as to send his own son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might have life and have it more abundantly; and when the same love is shed abroad in the heart of any man it does not lose its character, it still desires and labors for the same things.—What a consolation is it to all God's childen to know that they love God with his own love and his own nature, for God is love. God's nature is to love man with a saving love, so does that same nature in all good christians, love all men with a saving love, and it is always making prayer and supplications to God to bring all men to the knowledge of the truth and save them. For this reason, God loved the world; for this reason, good men love the world and pray for its salvation. The Apostle, in the 5th verse, tells us what this is; he says: "There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." Here is the grand relation God has to all men. In the 7th verse, he tells us he had been ordained or constituted a preacher and an apostle, and that he spoke the truth in or according to Christ Jesus, and in so doing he lied not, and that he taught the above truths or grand relationship of God in Christ to all men in faith and verity. According to which, he calls upon men every where to pray, lifting up holy hands without doubting, in the 8th verse. This seems to establish the point every way so clearly, we will drop it for the present and pass on to the last point in our subject, of the relation of the church to the world or all men.

The first one of the objects the Apostle presents to be accomplished by the above duties, is that God should so influence all men as to suffer the

church to live a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty; for this the church should pray fervently to God, with that faith which is according to his will, for God never wills anything beyond his ability to perform, and he will make your enemies to be at peace with you, and suffer you to live as you should before God; he may not stop them from talking about you, and from speaking lightly of you as christians; by his providence, he will stay their violence and cause you to live a peaceable and quiet life in godliness and honesty. I saw this point verified in this country, some years ago, with the Methodist church and the world. The Methodists, when I first knew them, were hated and disowned by all other denominations of christians. I have frequently heard them told at large meetings, that they were too heterodox to be suffered to commune; they were then not worthy of common courtesy, if we judge of men by their acts. So a Methodist became the laughing stock of the whole country, the song of every rowdy and drunkard; and there were many drunkards in those days, that tried the souls of the poor Methodists. There was scarcely a meeting day, but there were more or less there to laugh and make fun and disturb the meeting; and at their large meetings they would come in large companies, in a warlike attitude and do every thing they could to destroy the meeting. The church had to have large guards to protect the worshiping assembly from their violence; and frequently, they would be so violent as to destroy the meeting. The young Methodist girls at neighborhood gatherings, such as quilting and spinning frolics, as they were then called, because they were always wound up with a dance or rounds of plays, were the sport of all, because of their Methodistic character, and because they would not take part in the amusements of

the occasion; but if a young man or girl should be so unfortunate as to join them in their plays, oh! what a shout was heard in the camp of the enemy. It was the talk of every fire-side, of every farm, and workshop, and stillhouse, and grogshop in the whole neighborhood; and if they met with a Methodist, they tauntingly threw it into their face. But while these things did much evil, God overruled it to greater diligence in the remaining members, to prevent such things in the future. Oh what caution and watching over one another in love. These were days that tried men's souls, and those who stood the fiery trial, and that have not passed on to Abraham's bosom, are here yet, burning and shining lights of gone by times.—While these scenes were going on, the preachers preached with power and attended carefully to the special welfare of the church; the church walking before God unto all well pleasing, was agonizing with God in mighty faith and prayer, that he would grant them the privilege to live a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. They seemed to desire it on no other terms, and on these terms they determined to have it, and all the time God was gradually granting them their requests. Up to 1820, '21 and '22, such was the daily displays of God's power in favor of the Methodist church and Methodism, that she and her system became universally popular in Middle Tennessee and in North Alabama, and the guards were no longer needed at the meeting. Thus the two great objects the church had in view were gradually taking place. Daily she was more and more permitted to live in quietness, &c., and God was saving the wicked by thousands; she saw the travail of her soul and was happy, while some were cursing her, others were praising God for having sent the Methodist preachers among them, and that they had been permitted

to be members of the Methodist church, and were permitted to share in her persecutions, and trials, and her triumphing labor of love; so it was, so may it be in all coming time with the same church. Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

Suffer me to conclude by adding, may the ministers of the Gospel and the Church of God, in all coming time, in all the relations they bear to God, to themselves, and to each other, and to the world, be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that they may be found walking worthy of the Lord unto all well pleasing, constantly increasing in the knowledge of God, is the prayer of the author.

A SERMON BY THE AUTHOR,

On the two Adams, as they connect God in his moral character with the human race, and how they connect the human race with the pleasure or displeasure of that character, according to the following scripture.

"Therefore, as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life."—Romans, 5th chap. and 18th verse.

According to the scriptures, the first man that God created he called Adam; which name, according to Webster's Dictionary, appropriately means, the *first man*—the progenitor of the human race; secondly, primarily the name of the human race—mankind.

In the above we have the character of the first man given us, and the relation he bears to the human family well defined. His name, in the first

place, means fitly all men, as the progenitor of the human race, that is what he was in himself as regards his natures and all theirs. So must all men be that spring from him; hence his name means his natures and his powers, and consequently, must mean the identity that all men had to him as their progenitor. This idea is confirmed by the next definition of, or rather, I should have said the first definition of his name given by the above author, which primarily means the human race—mankind. Originally, in the first place, and in the first intention, this shows that God, in the first place in his intention was the human family; therefore, Adam as their progenitor, must be what he designed and intended them to be; so we see that he was the human family and the human family was federally and seminally—man. Hence we see, he was their representative as their progenitor federally and seminally; primarily, they were in him representing themselves. Now whatever he was in his progenitorship as the federal and seminal representative of the world of mankind to God in his moral character, so must all men have been federally and seminally. So God's design in a moral point of view, was what he had made that first man, all men should forever be. Now what was his moral character? The scriptures have clearly settled this point in relation to Adam. Now, Solomon tells us that "God made man (Adam) upright." Now, Webster says, upright, in a natural point of view, is "perpendicular to the plane of the horizon," and in a moral point of view, means honest, just, adhering to rectitude in all social intercourse—not deviating from correct moral principles, conformable to moral rectitude. Here we have Adam's moral character as the progenitor, federal and seminal head of the world of mankind; and what he was morally, God designed all men to be, and they were

federally and seminally in him morally right. But now we see all men of whom Adam was the progenitor in moral character, the opposite to what he was as progenitor, and they federally and seminally were when God created him and them in him, in the moral character as above stated. How has this happened, or what has caused it? Here lies the grand point to be demonstrated. Can we do it? We think we can, on moral principles conformed to moral rectitude, for Adam's moral character or his posterity's in him as their progenitor has nothing to do with any other rectitude or principles in the point before us, but the moral rectitude and principles according to which they were created. Nor can the idea of some be true, who say that God created Adam neither morally right nor wrong—but he was to become so by morally right or wrong actions. Now this position proves itself to be wrong from the following facts. If he had no moral power that had no moral character, he could have no moral acts either good or bad. Just as easy could God have created two lines, one crooked and the other straight, and then created a third one neither crooked nor straight; it is evident that the third line must be like the first or the second or it cannot exist. It is evident from what Solomon says in the above quotation in the term upright, and then adding, they have sought out morally in their federal and seminal character whereby they might destroy themselves, he means the whole human race primarily in a moral sense, which as a moral wrong is primarily the sin of Adam. Now this act in Adam as regards his moral progenitorship and primarily the human race, is by the scriptures and all orthodox church creeds, admitted to be the first cause of all moral obliquity in the nature and practice of the whole human race. Here then we have found the

cause of man's present moral character. It is sin, in a moral sense. But what is sin in a moral sense? It is moral obliquity, in moral nature and in moral acts. God in his moral nature, and purposes and practice, is absolute moral perfection itself, and, therefore, cannot be the cause of sin in nature, purpose or practice. Its cause then must be found in a moral nature that is not absolute; yet, in its relation to God's moral character it must be holy, just and good; hence the cause of sin must be found in a moral determining principle conferred from God's moral character in trust to the moral person that possesses it. Now, if this self-determining principle cannot act without the influences of some other moral cause directing it in its acts, it loses its character, and the moral cause thus influencing it would be the cause of its moral acts and the cause of its moral wrongs in those acts. This is the view that the word of God takes of it throughout, and the reason it universally assigns as the cause of sin. Let us critically look into this point. The scripture tells us sin is the transgression of the law of God, and that the law is the strength of sin. Now this latter expression is what makes sin so offensive to God in its moral effects; first, in involving him in his moral character according to his moral government to accomplish its hellish designs; thus its sovereign moral opposing character has been marked to God's moral soverign character from heaven, the place of its origin, to earth; it is true, in heaven its sovereign attempts seem to have been a union of sovereignties into a lone sovereignty, hence the destruction of moral character and moral government ever has been its aim in all its nature, designs and works; we will yet be surprised at its effects when we come to look at its cause as a cause; how clearly has St. James described its origin and itself when brought forth.

Listen to him in his 1st chap. commencing at the 13th verse: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man." Now for its origin; every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, plainly showing that he in the first instance influences himself. Mark ye, the Apostle says he is drawn away of his own lusts; that he is actuated by his own and not another's influence. But notice his sovereign power, he presents himself within the range of a forbidden object, which before had no influence over him; but now having positioned himself and presented his desires before the object, the object then commences its action and not before—and enticed—the word enticed means here, to be incited and to be instigated to evil. Now the moral relation between the agent and the object was morally right, until the self-influenced took a morally wrong position to the object. Hence the origin of the wrong is in the agent and not in the object. Hence the cause of sin, hence the cause of all moral obliquity in man is to be found in him, self-influenced. Thus sin is in its first embryo existence by his own act. It is not the act of the object; man voluntarily conceives it and then determines to do it. Sin is now in his purpose, he does the act and in that sin is brought forth, and when thus finished, it brings forth death—moral death. Now the point is demonstrated, as to the cause of the present moral character of mankind.

In the 12th verse of the 5th chap. of our text the Apostle says: by one man, sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned. Now having previously defined the moral character of Adam in his progenitorship, federally and seminally, the sin alluded to above is the sin of him as progenitor

federally and seminally the sin of the human race. Hence the change in this moral character as progenitor; hence the change federally and seminally in the human race, self-influenced; hence the moral depravity in mankind. The sin before us is morally the sin of the whole race in moral character, and must be the same in the moral obliquity. God being the center of all moral perfection in his nature and in his moral government, the moral sin and moral obliquity being the same things in mankind, must be condemned by him according to his moral government alike; hence the awful declaration in the first part of our text, by the offence of one, Adam self-produced, judgement came upon all men unto condemnation.

I will here add, as regards the bodies of all men, they lost their immortality and right to life, and hence their consequent return to the dust by the same sin; hence according to the moral condition of man in his condemned state, and the moral character and government of God, we see no possible way according to the first Adam, to save man according to law, seeing that moral law can only give the knowledge and not the cure of moral obliquity; for by it is the knowledge and strength of sin and not its destruction. But if he is saved at all, he must be federally and seminally in a moral sense from the condemnation of God's moral government, now resting on him in a federal and seminal character. Does not the Apostle in the latter part of our text present the second Adam in contrasting him with the first Adam, and the connection he there gives the second Adam in a federal and seminal sense, to the whole family of man, as he stands condemned under God's moral government federally and seminally according to the first Adam? Does he not there present him federally and seminally justified and entitled to life under the second

Adam, according to the moral government of the first Adam? Hear what he says of the second Adam, and his connection with man under that government. "Even—(the term Even here as applied by the Apostle to the two Adams, shows their opposing character to each other in law to the word came, as applied to the judgment that passed upon all men to condemnation and to the free gift that passed upon all men to justification of life)—so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.

Now that we may have a correct view of the second Adam, as the Adam that saves the world, let us look into his character and his relation in that character to man federally and seminally. First, his absolute character. The reader must suffer me to define the character of God, and then show the connection of the absolute character of the second Adam or identity with the character of God.

As I have in the main followed my knowledge, as derived from the book of God, in these sermons, suffer me still to do so in the following part of this discourse. The character of God, as revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures, so far as is necessary to my present purposes, I shall introduce here. The scripture says God inhabiteth eternity, but what is eternity? It seems to be a simple nothing and can have no shape, or form, or bounds. He that inhabits it must be an eternity of being and must be an uncaused, self-existing infinity, good, wise, just and powerful, the creator of all things but himself, the sustainer of all existences; that he is a spirit that fills and pervades all time and eternity; that in this essence or spirit there are three great attributes—wisdom, power and goodness; these three attributes when taken in their all sovereign, self-existing, unlimited and illimitable character, constitute

the being we call God; and that there must be an equilibrium in these attributes—there can be but one energy in God, and that must be the energy of his wisdom and of his goodness, and that his goodness must be the goodness of his wisdom and his power. Now we will take a view of the absolute character of the second Adam in his personal identity, in the character of God as above proposed. In the first place, St. John tells us, in the beginning was the word and the word was with God and the word was God. Here he points out his person and the indivisbility of the identity he has in the absolute perfections that constitute God. Again, St. Paul tells us that he being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God. Here his person is brought to view in a strong light, and also his identity in the divine perfections. What form could God have that would entitle him to think it no robbery to be equal with him, but the form of the eternity of the identity of all his nature and perfections? Again, the same Apostle tells us, he was the express image of the father's person, the brightness of his glory. Again, St. John says, that all men should honor the son even as they honor the father.—Again; the son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the father do, for what things soever he (the father) doeth, these also doeth the son. The above scriptures fully establish his personal identity in the eternity of God as God. We next come to the second point in his character, that of God and man. The word as above, the Apostle John tells us, was made flesh and dwelt among us. Here is his middle character as God and man brought to view. Why was he made flesh? first, that he might become the second Adam; and in the second place, as the second Adam the ransoming sin-offering, a saviour of the whole race of

mankind. Now we have seen that the first Adam was appropriately and primarily mankind, and in that character God had created him, for we have already shown that appropriately and primarily he bore the moral image of God, and when he sinned, his sin being according to the above character, he appropriately and primarily lost that moral image of God and accordingly became sinful and unholy. Hence is the moral character of fallen man the birth-sin of his nature; the first Adam was the figure of the second Adam. Now the first Adam could not be the figure in his pristine state of another person who was not like himself, naturally, rationally and morally connected with the human race. As the figure second or the figure 2 necessarily implies a first figure 1, so the second figure 1 which is the same as the first, so the second 1 must take the first one into itself, then it is the figure 2 composed of the 2 ones. Now let us suppose the second Adam in his absolute character, in the purpose of good from all eternity, in the great arrangement of his love to a fallen world, federally and seminally identify with mankind, in due time takes the first into himself, you there have the second Adam as he stands connected with the human race, for the same design that the first Adam was created for. But this taking the first Adam into himself, let us see how that was done, that we may have correct views on this important subject. Now St. Paul tells us in the 26th verse, 17th chap. in Acts, that God made of one blood all nations of men." One blood here means kindred, as descending from one common ancestor. Now let us suppose the second Adam in his absolute character, to pay the Virgin Mary a visit, and tell her I have come in due time to identify myself with your blood by the overshadowing of divine power and must take my place in your conceiving and birth na-

tures, and there be conceived and identified with a man and born of you, constituting the holy child that shall be called Jesus Christ, a second Adam, the Lord from heaven. Now let us suppose the Virgin Mary, in her human and rational natures, as identified in this one blood federally and seminally according to the first Adam with the moral government of God, and then you will see in the human and rational natures of the man Christ the second Adam in his federal and seminal relation to the Adamic covenant—then if you will take into view the absolute character, federally and seminally, as he stands in the purpose of the love of God to man, you have the second Adam as he stands connected federally and seminally with man, connecting in his person two federal and seminal relationships, one to the Adamic covenant, the other to the Gospel covenant. In him you will find two whole and perfect natures, making one person never to be divided. In his human nature he possesses all the moral purity of the first Adam; in his divine nature you see the Godhead bodily. Thus you will see his absolute nature, graces and traits of his lower nature with his own infinite dignity. No wonder it was said, in bringing this glorious character into the world, "Let all the angels of God worship him." I have said he possessed all the moral purity, in his human nature, of the first Adam in his pristine state; if he had not, he could not have been favorably admitted as the second Adam into the presence of the moral government of God. It was also necessary that his higher nature should be there as above described, that the character of independence might be in his person, every way qualified to show the reason why he as the second Adam had come into the possession of the divine government, which was to offer himself a living, infinitely meritorious sacrifice, fed-

erally and seminally for the sin of the world. Thus as the mediator between God and man, offered himself a ransom for all. This ransoming act, St. Paul, in the latter part of the text, applied to the second Adam, he calls righteousness, according to which, federally and seminally, the free gift from the Adamic covenant passed upon all men unto justification of life; having in that ransoming act received full satisfation, thus restoring mankind to its favour. Thus I think I have shown how he saved all men. We have collateral reasons to offer for the unconditional salvation which I am here proving, for it is evident that the salvation by free gift passing upon all men unto justification of life, must be an unconditional salvation, identifying all unconditionally with Christ, who is our life. This is a strong position, but I think the scriptures clearly sustain it in what we have already said. But let us have the collateral testimony of God on this point. First, let us speak of man as a material being, as he is subject to natural death. St. Paul, in the first Corinthians, 15th chap., 21st and 22d verses, "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead; for as in Adam all die," in their characters, "even so in Christ shall all be made alive." It is evident from the above scripture that by the sin of Adam all men lost their immortality and their natural life and returned to the common elements of earth. Now according to the Adamic covenant the life of the body and its immortality—for the same sin that condemned the soul to eternal damnation, did the body to dissolution—so far as its life and immortality are concerned they were gone—gone for ever and ever. But now we see that all men, in consequence of their connection with the second Adam, have a resurrection to immortality and that for ever, and unconditionally no more to return to

mortality. As to the kind of immortality in a moral sense, is demonstrated in the condition of all infants, who according to the free gift that passed upon all men unto justification of life, are unconditionally entitled to a resurrection of glorious immortality, and those who die in their infancy, are thus unconditionally saved—for ever and ever—and those who do not die, are unconditionally so till they arrive to the years of accountibility, whose moral acts then will determine what kind of immortality they shall rise from the dead with. Now as it is not left to man to say whether they will have a resurrection to immortality or not, and as all men, in the first place, are entitled to a glorious immortality in their infancy, are they not unconditionally thus saved by the second Adam?

We think we have proved the point in reference to man's material character, as proposed. Can we prove the same in reference to his immaterial character—let us see. Christ says: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Again, "Except ye be converted and become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." Now we think that the meaning of the above scripture is, that as the free gift passed upon all unto justification of life, so by the righteousness of the second Adam, all men are entitled to God's moral likeness unconditionally, and that all children having the moral corruption or birth-sin of Adam's fallen nature, are in consequence of their connection with the second Adam, subjects of his saving grace unconditionally, and thus they continue until they arrive at that age by which they can know by God's grace what is morally right and what is morally wrong, then they enter upon a conditional salvation, which brings us to that state where sal-

vation is contingent. The attentive reader will see that the moral character of man, as connected conditionally with Christ his Saviour, unavoidably grows out of the moral relationship he has to him as laid down in the preceding part of this sermon. I mean here, that as all men have, through God's mercy, been brought unconditionally into a saving relation to himself; and consequently he is God our Saviour. And God knows no man but as he knows him thus related to himself in Christ Jesus; and the conditions growing out of this relation must be according to grace, and that God has on the part of man provided grace to give him a fitness and assistance to comply with those conditions, and that such a fitness and assistance must be given at the time when these conditions become a duty; and according to these relationships God will judge the world by the man Christ Jesus, and that the final destiny of all men in heaven or hell, will be according to Christ Jesus and according to no other rule.

We see God's connection with man in Christ as the God of all grace, who hath called us or constituted us federally and seminally and conditionally unto his eternal glory, as St. Peter tells us, first epistle, last chap. and 10th verse. Now if God is related to us according to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, we must see the moral character of man as a moral agent, and if the character of his moral agency is according to God's eternal glory, and Christ in his nature and infinitely meritorious sufferings, of what moral dignity must that agency be, every act of which must have a moral tendency to the acquisition of that eternal glory according to Christ Jesus, or it must have a tendency to God's eternal displeasure according to Christ Jesus. Thrice infinitely, wo, wo, wo, to the man that stains it with the sin of gospel laws!—he can but in an eternity

of hell know their strength. But to him that properly uses it according to gospel laws, he can but know their glorious power in the eternity of God's glory. God's relation to all men individually, as God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their sins to them The term impute, here means not charging or attributing their sins to them, having charged or attributed them to Christ, who having made a sacrifice of himself that he might put away sin; for infinite justice itself tenders them free pardon for Christ's sake; hence we see that God not only desired to make provision for, but designed the entire destruction of sin from mankind. Let every sinner know that if he rejects this sacrifice for his sins, that God's infinite mercy and justice knows no other ground for their destruction. How plain is the condition of salvation—how can man see it as above stated and keep from believing? There is but one way that he can. that is by hindering the truth in unrighteousness: for the truth here is what St. Paul calls "the faith which we preach is nigh thee even in thy heart," so that if he will believe with his heart and make confession with his tongue to salvation, he shall be saved, but this he refuses to do by hindering the truth of faith in unrighteousness; so we see he is his own wilful cause of his own ruin—his hell will be his own hell. God caused another to suffer in his place for the removal of his sins, and thus he refuses their removal. Justice determines he shall bear them in his own hell of fire under the heating influence of a terrible tempest of hail and fire and brimstone for ever and ever. May God save the man that thus sees the truth, from hindering it in unrighteousness—cause those who do not see it to see it—and may they not hinder it in unrighteousness. Again, the same relation of God to mankind is set forth in the following scripture.

There is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. Let us take a view of this mediator, first as God's mediator, secondly as man's mediator, then we will see how it is that he is mediator between God and men. First in his midway character on the part of God he is God's distance to man, so in his midway character on the part of man he is man's distance to God; hence his character as midway man. First then he is God's way as God to man; second, he is man's way to God as man; thus we see all distance between God and man lost in this midway man; hence the mediator between God and man, for the Godhead bodily dwelt in him, so did the manhood, thus the God man. Hence the public trusts of both parties in a reconciling sense meet in him; hence his character as ransomer to ransom, the power and the right to pay down the price of forfeited life, to deliver the forfeiters, which here means the price paid for the pardon of sins; hence his character as the ransom; he gave himself, a ransom for all. Now the term *for*, applied here to the ransom in reference to man as the price paid down for the pardon of sin, means one thing given and taken in the stead and place of another; first, the sinner is here represented as standing in the presence of the divine law under the dominion of sin, and the law being the strength of sin. Now Christ in his ransoming character, being offered and taken in the stead of the sinner, by law, paid down the price to the law. Now sin loses its offensive connection to the law, hence its strength; of course it no longer connects man with the law, but the price paid both connects him and introduces him into its favor; thus connecting him with the moral character of God; thus we see then how Christ is the power of God unto salvation. First, in the case of Adam unconditionally; secondly, to him

conditionally, that believes in Christ unto salvation. We think we have proved that the sin of Adam in the text, connected all men with God's moral displeasure, and the righteousness or price paid down by the second Adam connected all men with God's moral pleasure intentionally, according to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus. Reader, my heart says glory to God, so let it be. What says yours?

SUBSTANCE OF A FUNERAL SERMON,

Occasioned by the death of the Rev. William Crutchfield, *aged about 37 years—who departed this life, August 6, 1812—preached on the 24th of August, in Wilson county, Tennessee.*—By Learner Blackman.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm 37.

This is the day and the place appointed to offer a tribute of respect to our deceased friend and brother, William Crutchfield. Funeral sermons cannot profit the dead—they may be profitable to the living. No kind of writings are read with more avidity than biographical sketches of great and good men. The history of all ages exhibits many proofs of the pains that have been taken to perpetuate the memory of the sagacious statesman, the brave soldier, and the good christian. Orators

in glowing language have announced their virtuous and benevolent acts on funeral occasions. Historians have taken up the cause of merit, and have diffused over the whole globe and handed down to the present time, the knowledge of the persons and of the actions, which should never die. In some countries, sculpture and painting conveyed to children's children an exact representation of the limbs and lineaments of the venerable men who adorned, who instructed, who saved their country; thus, though dead, they continue to live in the animated canvass, in the breathing brass, or the speaking marble.

From the text we may infer, that the character of a perfect man, in a religious point of view, attracted the mind of the king upon the throne of Israel, much more than the great, the wise, and the learned among those crowned with honors and titles of distinction by men like themselves. Says the Psalmist in the 35th and 36th verses connected with the text, "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green Bay tree; yet, he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." He then introduces the perfect man, that the great contrast may be seen at one view. What are titles, with all their honors, or thrones, cowns, and kingdoms compared to the perfect man: kingdoms have been depopulated, and crowns have lost their lustre, "while the virtuous or perfect man shall be had in everlasting remembrance." He is adorned with the lustre of the divine spirit from on high—he shall shine like a bright star in the kingdom of our heavenly father forever. My hearers, in this world we take our coloring for a happy or unhappy eternity—to form ourselves to evangelical rules of order that will conduct us to the knowledge and love of God; or to principles of dissipation that

will lead us far from God, and expose us to all the miseries of hell.

I shall only make such a use of the text as may best incorporate with my design in preaching this funeral sermon, and as I may think most applicable on the present occasion. I shall make a few remarks on a religious man, that is called "the perfect man" in our text—secondly, say something of the effects of religion; thirdly, give a sketch of the life, experience, labors, sufferings, and death of our deceased friend, Mr. Crutchfield.

"Mark the perfect man, &c." In the diversified work of the Creator, there are many grades of perfection. Absolute perfection centres in Jehovah. Angels are more perfect than men, and men more perfect than irrational animals, &c. Paul says, "there is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, another glory of the stars, &c. So there is one glory of angels, another of men, &c. It is the glory, the perfection of man, that we are to enquire for in explaining of the text. Mark the perfect man (not the perfect angel,) that lives up to the light of his dispensation. If a philosopher were to describe a perfect man, he would show us one that had a fine face, fine figure, strong mind well improved, adorned and enriched with all the learning of ancient and modern literature, &c. But my business is to show what a perfect man is, in a religious sense. According to scripture, mankind are in a fallen state. In the light of the christian dispensation, we behold the deep depravity of the human heart, marked with lines of the blackest dye, the malignity of sin exposed in the most striking manner. To constitute a perfect man in this disordered world, or to make a perfect man out of an imperfect man, implies that an important change is necessary—one that can never be effected without supernatural agency. To constitute a

perfect man, four things are necessary: 1st, the act of God's grace to convict; 2d, the act of man in repentance; 3d, in believing; 4th, holiness of heart and life.

It is the spirit of God that accompanies the truth to the heart with divine energy, discovers its hidden ulcers, the blackness of darkness that awaits us, how nigh we are to cursing, whose end is to be burnt. Conviction implies having a knowledge of the purity, justice, known wisdom, some sense of the goodness and mercy of God. Such light and knowledge, if attended to will lead the subject of it to renounce the Devil and all his works, the vain pomp and vanity of an ungodly world; in other words, to true and sincere repentance. Repentance to be perfect must be deep enough to make us hate sin with a perfect hatred—to flee from it as Lot fled from Sodom when the angel said escape for thy life. But he may enquire, "Where shall I go to obtain life?" not to Zoar, not to the ark built by Noah; but to Jesus Christ that came down from heaven to give life to a perishing world. I am the bread of life, says Jesus, whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. But that the subject of repentance may participate in the blessing of the new and everlasting covenant, faith is necessary. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

The penitent sinner trembles to hear insulted thunders rolling down as from the top of Mount Sinia, while hell from beneath moves to meet him. The flaming sword of justice, brandished ready to cut him down—but mercy from the heavens utters a gracious voice, saying, look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved. Come boldly to the throne of grace—come away from the trembling, smoking and fiery mountains, to the peaceable mount Zion, the city of the living God.

Condemned sinners that will repent may have an appeal to the high court of mercy, that is accessible day and night, where Jesus Christ sets judge advocate. But faith must be living and operative, that we may feel interested in Jesus Christ, as the branch is interested in the vine; that bows the soul to the sceptre of the Redeemer; harmonizes the will of the creature to the will of the Creator; stills the jarring passions of the soul; looks up to the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity; beholds God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; produces in the heart the spirit of adoption; O! happy state, to be initiated into the family of God: Happy state and condition of man to know the burthen of guilt, that pressed down his poor soul, is removed by that Almighty hand that formed the universe; that touched the mountain and caused it to smoke, has touched his soul, scattered all his guilty fears: O happy condition of a poor dependent mortal, that has faith to penetrate through the clouds, and call him father that sitteth upon the throne in the heavens. Such a faith, that so operates on the heart, has a mighty influence on the practices of its possessor, of course leads to the fourth particular, that of holiness of heart and life. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh words corresponding with the profession of faith, and that will minister grace unto the hearers—produceth actions that manifest the declarative glory of God.

Holiness implies, 1st, right dispositions towards God and man; 2dly, being like God; 3dly, the being conformed to his will in all things, being crucified to the world with the affections and lusts, made alive to God, dead to the forms and fashions of the world; 4thly, it implies being filled with perfect love, that casteth out tormenting fears; that produceth great boldness and full assurance in the

power and protection of the Lord God of hosts. The righteous are as bold as lions. St. John says, "that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." Perfect love produceth resignation to the will of God. Great peace have they that love thy law. Such a subject of the power of Almighty grace, will not willingly or knowingly offend against his God. By the grace of God he may keep himself, that the wicked one touch him not. Let such take heed lest they fall. The Psalmist sayeth in the words of the text, behold the upright! a fine expression to convey an idea of the rectitude of the good christian, of his life and conversation. Man, by an upright stature, is distinguished from the beasts or four-footed animals and creeping things; but, to be upright in a moral and religious sense, is to have actions that will at all times and in all places evidence the disposition described. Now being made free from sin, ye become servants to God, and have your fruit unto holiness, and your end everlasting life.

Much might be said on the different branches of religion that I shall suppress, as it will be necessary to take up some considerable time on this last proposition. It may suffice to say, that the good christian hears the voice of God, and obeys it like Abraham; if the command is to offer up an Isaac, or that which is as near and dear, he is ready to say, thy will be done: the Lord will provide.

I shall now make a few remarks on the effects of religion according to promise—the end of that man is peace—all his views centre in peace—all his actions conspire to make peace—he makes use of every means possible to crush intestine broils, as well as to stop the progress of evil of every kind: God he believes, made man for the manifestation of his own glory; this moves him to use all his in-

fluence, all his grace, and all his gifts to reconcile man to God, so in this active sense his end is peace; but while he keeps that end in view, his soul enjoys a heaven-born peace—the work of righteousness shall be peace—the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Peace I leave with you, my peace give I unto you. This peace implies with God; with his providences, all the passions of the soul are calmed; the mind when stayed upon God, according to the Prophet, is preserved in perfect peace—a perfect peace that will stand, while wars and rumors of wars, agitate the nations and kingdoms of the earth. He goes out and comes in, in peace—lies down in peace. He is not afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness. He is conscious that he is under the protection of that mighty arm that created darkness, and that created the light; pestilence, famine, sword, storm and tempest may demolish cities, and depopulate kingdoms, the peace of the pious christian still remains. The earth may shake, and the mountains tremble, the peace of the christian still remains.—Thus we see the mighty effects of religion. The pious soul feels firm and intrepid wherever duty calls him, if it is in the very midst of danger. A Moses will venture right into the mountain that smokes and burns with fire, while the people tremble. Daniel enjoys perfect peace in the midst of ravenous lions, while Darius with all the honors of the throne, felt his mind thrown into a state of perturbation, torn with conflicting passions. There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God—crowned heads upon the earth are not excepted, if they are wicked. But in the evening and end of life the good man has peace: the end of temporal life implies the end of his probation, the end of afflictions, temptations and miseries of every kind;

while death dissolves the union of the soul and body, a far more intimate union is taking place between God the eternal father of spirits and the soul. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth, saith the spirit, they cease from their labors, and their works do follow them. The christian, while in this world, is like a mariner on the boisterous ocean, tosted by storms and tempests; but Jesus is in the ship—he speaks, and there is a calm, and when death comes the storm will be over and gone, his soul introduced into the safe port of eternal rest. Behold the end of the perfect and upright man; mark him, and take knowledge of him: see how he lives, see how he dies. Bodily operations cease, this lifeless body sinks into the grave, his soul, the better part, rises, mounts, and flies far above all terrestrial and material things, to flourish and bloom in the vigor of immortal youth forever.

We shall now proceed to speak of the life, experience, labors, afflictions, and triumphant death of our dearly beloved Crutchfield, which will greatly exemplify the doctrines of our holy religion. William Crutchfield was born in the State Virginia, in Brunswick county. His father moved to Tennessee, and settled near the mouth of Red river, about thirty years ago; where, in a short time, he was killed by the Indians. There were but a few settlements at that time west of the Cumberland mountains. The widowed mother shortly after removed with her family to the State of Kentucky, and settled near Danville. William Crutchfield was not more, we presume, than 7 or 8 years old at that time. He received his education principally in the State of Kentucky. At that time, Kentucky was a new settled country. The Indians were troublesome for a number of years after that time. But the gospel was preached by

the itinerant Methodist preachers as well as others. William Crutchfield professed religion about 22 years ago. We may consider him to be among the first fruits of Methodism in Kentucky. He was a very amiable boy in many respects before he embraced religion; but when deeply convicted of his situation by nature, he became sensible that he stood in great need of a change of heart, he sought the Lord by using all the means of grace, his sins were made exceedingly bitter unto him. The forests, the valleys, and the sinks of Kentucky, witnessed his fervent prayers, cries and tears by night and by day; but the Lord who hath said, blessed are they that mourn, had mercy on him—he experienced a bright manifestation at a public meeting. A friend now living on Elk river, was at the meeting where Mr. Crutchfield heard the still, yet powerful voice of the Lord, saying, arise, shine, thy light is come; go in peace and sin no more. The people of his acquaintance, many of whom were ready to say, "Crutchfield has religion—if there is a man in the settlement got religion, Crutchfield is the man." His life and conduct proves his sincerity. Made free from sin, he had his fruit unto holiness. He loved God—he proved it by his conduct. Goodness and mercy marked his footsteps, and all his communications with men. He was not satisfied with the form, his soul panted after the living streams of the waters of life. For the two past years, I have been very intimately acquainted with Mr. Crutchfield. In private prayer, he seemed to wrestle like Jacob till he became a prevailing Israel, sometimes almost overpowered by the bright discoveries which he made by faith of the heavenly glory; at other times melted into tears before the Lord while upon his knees, while the language of his heart was, spare thy people and give not thy heritage to reproach.

I have often noticed him while renewing his covenant, when taking the holy sacrament, with his face all bathed in tears. He appeared to have the most exalted views of the divine character whose death he commemorated. He was a man of gratitude, always appeared sensible of favors conferred upon him by his fellow creatures; but in every thing gave thanks to God. As a christian in private life, he was among the most orderly; like a man we have described, he was not conformed to this world in spirit or practice, plain in his dress and address: he was a plain man; he aimed at nothing else. He denied himself of all ungodliness, and of every thing that stood in competition with the divine mind. He was dead to the world, to its pleasures, riches and honors. Clothed with the sun of righteousness, he could smile to see the world beneath his feet. To him the world seemed like a garment well nigh worn out, and just ready to be laid aside by the owner. Better than a year ago he stated to a friend that he had some thought of traveling again, though it would be attended with some difficulty. He remarked that he thought we too frequently blended worldly prudence and religion together as preachers, and that we were not satisfied with a competency, and that we did not spend as much time in preaching the word as we ought to do. His opinion seemed to be this, that we should live more by faith than we had done, for the just shall live by faith. As a house-keeper, Mr. Crutchfield managed his affairs with great economy. The persons appointed to settle his temporal business, report that he died even with the world, that he was not in debt. Happy for many poor widows and children if all men were to manage their temporal affairs with the economy of a Crutchfield, they would then be clear of many difficulties consequent on litigious suits. He was

honest, strict, and upright in all his dealings with his fellow men. Mr. Crutchfield had a just sense of honor and propriety. He was once called upon as a witness, and examined at the court held at Carthage. He was asked by an attorney at law, concerning a person who had professed religion a number of years, whether he had as high an opinion of that person as formerly? He paused—the tears ran from his eyes—the judge requested that Mr. Crutchfield might be excused, and not compelled to answer that question. But the lawyers urged that he should answer—he then said he had not as high an opinion of that person as he once had. I mention this circumstance to show the nice regard he had for characters. As a companion traveling on the road or at other times, he was altogether agreeable: his mind was well informed, and enriched with good information on various subjects. He was a great reader and he was careful to read the best authors—his memory was very strong and retentive, and his mind capacious. In conversation in social companies he possessed the happy art by an easy transition, of bringing the subjects of eternity into view; of introducing religion in a way calculated to be profitable to the company. His conversation, his words were seasoned with grace fit to administer grace to the hearers. He always appeared grave though not sad—cheerful but not light and trifling, like too many professors of religion, that are only solemn and serious when it answers their mercenary purposes best to be so—his countenance always appeared to wear a pleasing smile; he seemed always under a deep sense of his high relation and responsibility to Almighty God. It could not be said of him as it hath been said of some who have preached the gospel to purpose in the pulpit. But their vain conversation, or their airy and trifling conduct have

contradicted the holy precepts they delivered. Some critical observers have said, that man would do well if he could be always in the pulpit.—Crutchfield preached wherever he went; he was like the salt of the earth, or a city set upon a hill. Mr. Crutchfield was an agreeable and lovely husband; he was a wise and tender father; he taught his little children, that were capable of instruction, by the brightest of examples and the purest of precepts, the way and the fear of the Lord. It was pleasing to see the order that prevailed in his little family; there was proper government established among his children and servants; its dignity was properly and uniformly maintained; discipline was faithfully executed. One little circumstance is worthy of notice, that took place since the decease of Mr. Crutchfield, with respect to his oldest son, who is about six years old; he said to his dear mother, "an't papa gone to that good place he used to tell us about—han't he got wings now?" A proof of the care Mr. Crutchfield had taken to sow the seeds of life in the minds of his little ones. His children and servants were taught to fear the rod, though it was seldom necessary to use it. He never took the harsher way when love would do the deed. He chose to enforce his commands by persuasive arguments, if there was any probability of success. About ten years ago, Mr. Crutchfield professed to be called of God to preach the Gospel of Peace to a fallen world. Since that time he has preached as a traveling preacher among us about five years, first and last; the other five years he was local. He was admitted into the traveling connection in the latter end of 1802, and appointed to the Danville circuit in 1803. He traveled Green river circuit in 1804 about six months; the other six months on the Nashville circuit. In 1805 he was re-appointed to the Nashville circuit. In

the autumn of 1805, he married, located, and settled on the south side of Cumberland river, about 20 miles above Nashville. Through bodily weakness he was rendered incapable of traveling any longer with convenience at that time. It may here be remarked, that in all the circuits where he traveled and preached the gospel, he met with the full approbation of the preachers and the people. And we have reason to believe he was useful to many while traveling. His name will long be remembered with pleasing sensations of gratitude in the different circuits where he was stationed. We trust there are many that will praise God through eternity, that ever they heard the sound of Crutchfield's voice. One man told me, who now lives in Madison county, in the Mississippi territory, Crutchfield was the first Methodist preacher that he was pleased with, and that benefitted him—that man has since become religious and is now a flaming preacher. I only mention this as one instance out of many that might be mentioned. During the time in which he was located he taught the people the way to live—he taught them industry—he taught them how to serve God in a family capacity, as well as in every other relation that we may be placed in to our fellow-men. His conduct fixed the principle of action from which right conclusions might be made—how we ought to live and act, that we might honor ourselves, honor human nature, honor our God, and dignify the stations we may be called to fill in domestic or public life.

Under God he was made the happy and successful instrument of raising one society not far from where he lived. Many of whom stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free. I believe no man was more esteemed as a local preacher in Cumberland than William Crutchfield. About two years ago he seemed to experience an

increasing thirst of soul for the salvation of sinners, and as he possessed some better health than he did when he located, he determined to enlarge the circle of his labors and travel again and preach the gospel as long as circumstances would admit. For the two past years he has traveled, as many of you know, on Goose creek, Nashville and Lebanon circuits, under the direction of the presiding elder. His health was so uncertain he did not think it so proper to take an appointment from conference; as the disappointment might be greater if he should not be able to fill it, &c. But I believe there were not many preachers in the district which made fewer disappointments. When it was Crutchfield's day to preach at any place, if it was asked, "Will the preacher be here?" "O yes," some were ready to reply—"its Crutchfield's day, he will not disappoint." In 1812 many of the preachers were called from their circuits and districts to the General conference in May last at New York. There were many pressing calls for preachers in different directions. Mr. Crutchfield seemed always willing as far as his strength would admit, to stand at the points of danger. He cheerfully consented to take charge of Lebanon circuit, as it is now called, where he traveled, labored, and toiled hard for the salvation of sinners till his bodily strength gave way and feeble nature sunk—till death sounded the retreat, and called him from labor, afflictions, persecutions and pains, to his great reward. It could not be said with any degree of propriety or justice, that he left home to preach the gospel to get money, or for the sake of ease. He was well situated at his own home; better than he could possibly be, in the nature of things, in many places where it was made his duty to go as a traveling preacher. He was not rich, but was quite independent; owned a handsome

farm on the south side of Cumberland river. As to money, if that was the object, he was much disappointed. I doubt whether his quarterage that was collected at the different quarterly-meetings, where he traveled the two past years, would average $20 a quarter. Surely such a man as Crutchfield would have made double and treble at any thing else almost that he could have pursued, and not having injured his constitution more, probably not half as much as he did by preaching and riding almost every day. What but the love of God and the love of souls influenced our beloved Crutchfield to spend his little remaining strength in the Lord's vineyard? When spoken to on that subject, he gave for answer, "It's better to wear out than to rust out." Happy consideration that, he devoted the evening of his life all to God. The calls for preaching the present year, have been more imperious than ordinary. The earth hath been shaking beneath our feet—the mountains have been made to tremble—we have heard the voice of the Lord—many of the inhabitants of Tennessee were awfully afraid. They were ready to say, "come here and preach; come to our settlement and preach." Hundreds prayed to Almighty God to save them, and hundreds desired to hear preaching in the time of the earthquakes, who cared but little about it before that time. It is most likely our brother exerted himself beyond his feeble strength. He labored every day, as if it was the last day he had to live in this passing world. His soul flamed with love to God and his fellow-creatures. The zeal of the Lord's house had eaten him up.

But notwithstanding the gracious dispositions, the goodness of heart and holiness of life, this man of God manifested, the tongue of slander, in the last year of his life, was ready to load him

with reproachful epithets. Like his Divine Master he suffered persecution. This year, in many parts of this country, you know my brethren, it became necessary for every preacher who understood the subject of Baptism, as it is generally understood by most of the reformed churches, to explain it. Mr. Crutchfield did not delight in controversy, though very capable of investigating points of doctrine that are points of dispute. Hence he was always ready, when circumstances made it necessary, to come forward in the name of the Lord, to support and defend the truth. He preached often on the subject of infant church-membership, and likewise on the mode of Baptism this year. No doubt this was one cause of his persecution. Far be it from me to suppose all those who differed with Mr. Crutchfield in opinion with regard to Baptism, spoke evil of him. No! many of them, we trust, are candid, prudent and pious christians; though they in effect, unchristian all other churches and people under the heavens of the Lord, by establishing, or attempting to establish, immersion as the only christian baptism. It is this sentiment that leads imprudent persons, especially those who have not the fear of God before their eyes, to act as though they were licensed to say what they please about those of a contrary opinion. Happy for us we live in a country where equal rights are established. It was stated, and I suppose believed by some, that Mr. Crutchfield said in the time of his last sickness, he felt no remorse but for preaching as he had done, &c. My hearers, I have enquired diligently of those persons who attended Mr. Crutchfield every day and every hour in the day in the time of his sickness. They all affirm that he never said such words; but that he died fully persuaded of the truth of the doctrines he had preached for ten years from house to house. It

was not a Deist, nor profane sinners, who spoke evil of Crutchfield. No; in general he was feared and esteemed by his wicked acquaintances. A Roman officer would have released Jesus Christ, while the Jews, filled with a blind zeal, cried, crucify him! crucify him! Nothing but a zeal founded on improper principles or bitter envy, could have led men to have poured forth calumnies with such vehemence against such an illustrious character as Crutchfield. Humility and meekness were distinguishing traits in the character of our disceased friend. He returned not evil for evil, but rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer persecution for the name of Jesus. He could sing with the poet,

"Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name."

Take care! take care how you touch those whom God delights to honor in life and death. Let Crutchfield repose in silence. "Tread lightly, tread lightly on the ashes of the dead." Make us who are upon the walls of Zion the butt of your persecution, for we preach the same doctrines that Crutchfield preached. Hence we feel it our duty to enter the list to rescue the doctrines he taught, and his character from false imputations. True, what was said unjustly, and I shall venture to say in many instances without even the appearance of truth, could not materially affect an enlarged soul that breathed in the pure atmosphere of brotherly love. Neither do I believe it injured his character except with a very few individuals. No; a character that shone so bright, could not be obscured with a few false shades. Like the sun rising in his strength, he mounts far above all earthly things, dispersing the fog, and giving light to the world. His rejoicing was this—the testimony of a good conscience.

The humility of this great good man was not the least among his many excellencies. It might be inferred by his intimate acquaintance, that this was his constant prayer: "Make me little and unknown, loved and prized by God alone." He did not seem sensible that he was superior, as he really was, in point of knowledge, understanding and eloquence, to most men. If fully sensible of it, it had no improper influence upon his conduct. He always spake with the utmost diffidence and modesty of himself. His abilities as a preacher were sufficient to place him in the first rank of preachers. His voice was rather effeminate, but in the composition of his discourses he excelled most preachers for neatness and elegance of style, and in the arrangement of his arguments. He seemed to observe with strictness the maxim of Doctor Witherspoon: "Do not speak 'till you are ready—stop when you are done." He seldom preached more than an hour, but comprehended much in a short time and in a few words. He was not a son of thunder, or a declamatory speaker. His preaching did not go to awaken and to break down, so much as to establish and build up. He reasoned forcibly and closely. His sermons were well calculated to arrest the attention of the more informed part of mankind; to confound the principles of infidelity, or to enlighten those who were beset, tempted and confused with the gloomy ideas of modern Deism. His capacious mind seemed to grasp arguments drawn from different sources in so few words that, like a broad river thrown by some mechanical or physical force into a narrow channel, to an unprejudiced mind they were irresistible. He delivered his discourses with much pathos, and often with tears. He was a son of consolation; ready always to weep with those who wept; to rejoice with those who rejoiced. He was

not ignorant of the devices of Satan—he knew well the complex workings of the human mind, under many difficulties common to all, while flesh and spirit, or soul and body are connected. He knew how to apply the remedy in such cases. In a word, he was well qualified to be a useful minister of Jesus Christ.

We hasten now to say something of his last sufferings, afflictions and death. He was taken with a violent cholic, a complaint he was subject to, the first day of July, 1812, at Mr. Lancaster's, on the waters of the Caney Fork of Cumberland. The second day of July he was some better, and set off to come to his quarterly meeting, which was to be held at this place the 4th of July; but soon found that he was unable to reach the destined place. He rode as far as Mr. William Smith's, on Mulharing, one of his friends and brethren, where he suffered the most violent attacks of his old complaint. followed by a remittent billious fever, without much intermission, 'till the 6th of August, when death put an end to his sufferings, at the house of Mr. Wm. Smith; for he was never able to remove after his arrival there, 'till the day of his departure from this inclement clime of human life. In the course of one month and six days, he repeatedly suffered that which was equal, yes, that which was much more than equal to the pains of death. But who ever heard him speak a murmuring word? He expected the time of his dissolution was drawing nigh; he said to his attendants, he had been looking, (and no doubt preparing) for death 20 years. One of the physicians who attended him. said that it seemed no more for him to die than to go to sleep. Shortly after his illness, he felt a mighty struggle of soul for that perfect love that casteth out tormenting fear; which to his great satisfaction he experienced. Yes, the Lord dealt

bountifully with him, and gave him a very bright manifestation of the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. He was filled with a joy that was unspeakable and full of glory: which his own words will abundantly prove. He said to his dear companion, that "some people argued that evil could not be extinct from matter (meaning thereby, that we cannot be saved from sin while our spirits are connected with material bodies;) but he knew better, for he was now pure to pass through all the scenes of his great Creator's dominions." What exalted views confidence gives the humble christian! Mr. Crutchfield added at another time, "who would be pent up in one corner of the universe, when there are such extensive plains for us to dwell in." What words are these! Is our world but a corner of the Great Jehovah's dominions? The astronomer discovers, with his apparatus, system above system, planets around planets, of indescribable magnitude, whilst a Crutchfield beholds extensive plains by the simple act of mighty faith, far beyond the starry heavens and rolling planets. The object of his faith was that God that made the world—that formed the planets, and sent them rolling from his awful presence—that caused the stars to sparkle by millions in the heavens. The christian sings with the poet, "this awful God is ours, our father and our love." The views of an astronomer fall infinitely short of the elevated views of a Crutchfield. while, like a Moses, he stands as upon Mount Nebo, and beholds the bright frontiers of the heavenly world. A telescope cannot penetrate beyond the bounds of created matter; but faith can penetrate far beyond the flaming bounds of material things, and make blessed discoveries of the heavenly mansions prepared for the faithful. Our deceased friend called them extensive plains for us to dwell in. He frequently sang,

"Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there."

At other times,

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

He said to one of his attendants standing by his bed one day, "Do you not see the angels waiting around to convey me home?" In some instances it seemed evident that it hath pleased the Lord of all things, to suspend the ordinary course of nature, and to give dying saints views of disembodied spirits not common to men in the flesh. That angels wait around the bed of the christians, sick or well, living or dying, invisible, if not visible, admits of no doubt; it is a doctrine of positive revelation. They are all ministering spirits to those who shall be heirs of salvation. The soul of Lazarus was carried by angels to the paradise of God.

A friend said to him one day after taking hold of his hand, "Brother, your hand is very soft." Crutchfield replied yes, but it will bloom in immortal youth.

As weak as he was he sang the following words with much animation:—

"Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout O! Death where is thy sting,
O! Grave where is thy victory,
We'll sing and shout eternally."

He frequently exhorted those around him to meet him in Heaven. I cannot, consisent with the plan of my discourse, mention all the glowing expressions that dropped from this dying though highly favored man of God. A few minutes before he expired he said to his beloved consort, "My dear, I am dying." [Here, the copy from which we set failed—the balance being lost.]